The Relief Society Magazine

44 NO. 12 Lessons for March DECEMBER 1957

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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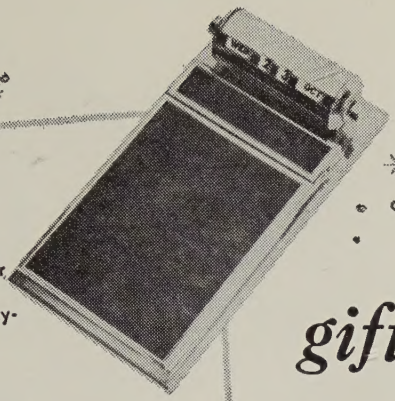

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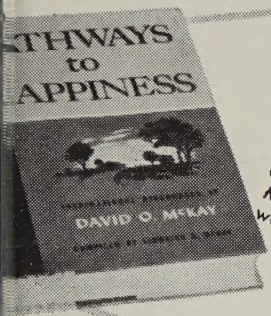

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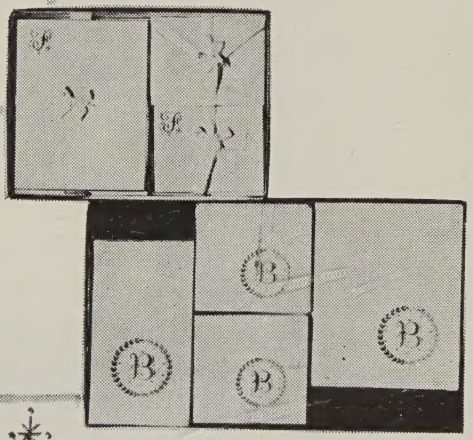

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A Perry Picture

From a Painting by Lerolle

ARRIVAL OF THE SHEPHERDS

AND it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . .

And all went to be taxed, every one into his own city.

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. . . .

To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. . . .

And so it was, that, while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men (Luke 2:1-14).

Jesus Is the Christ

TESTIMONIES OF THE FIRST PRESIDENCY

President David O. McKay

. . . acceptance of the divinity of Christ's mission and compliance with the principles of his gospel, give assurance of immortality and eternal life.

I testify that a knowledge of his existence and of the truth of his gospel is the source of the greatest comfort and happiness to man. . . .[1]

Brethren, I know as I know I am looking into your faces that the gospel of Jesus Christ is true and that he is my Savior, as real as he was when Thomas said, with bowed head, "My Lord and my God!"[2]

President Stephen L Richards

I know that our Redeemer lives. I know that he is the Savior of mankind. I know he has revealed himself through his chosen prophets, and I know that his divine gospel is the only plan which will bring salvation and exaltation to man and peace to a distracted world. I thank God from the depths of my soul for the transcendent gift of his Son, the Lord of the earth, the supreme Giver of all time in all the world.[3]

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

And now may I, of the lowliest of the lowly who seek to serve him, and fully acknowledging my own weaknesses and imperfections, bear in deep humility my own testimony, born of the Spirit, that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the Living God, the Only Begotten in the flesh, chosen before the foundations of the earth were laid to be the Redeemer of the World, the First Fruits of the Resurrection, through and by whom the spirits and bodies of all men will, in the due time of the Lord, be reunited and resurrected from the grave, "they who have done good in the resurrection of the just, and they who have done evil in the resurrection of the unjust."

May I be preserved in this testimony till I lay down my body in my last sleep, I pray, in the Lord's name. Amen.[4]

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[1]*Conference Report*, April 1953, pp. 18-19.

[2]*Gospel Ideals*, page 45.

[3]*Where Is Wisdom?* page 322.

[4]*On the Way to Immortality and Eternal Life*, page 77.

Merry Christmas, Mother!

Rosa Lee Lloyd

"NOW listen, honey," Joe said, smiling at Shirley over his newspaper. "I think it's a great idea for your mother to come for Christmas. We can afford to show her a good time on her first visit."

Shirley felt her nerves tighten. All the lazy, lovely months of living here alone with Joe since their marriage last June, faded away like sunshine before a thunderstorm.

"Oh, Joe," she breathed, "if you knew what Christmas means to Mother, you'd run for the nearest desert!"

Joe's mild blue eyes crinkled as he folded the paper and put it beside his breakfast plate.

"You're making mountains," he teased. "Your mother loves Christmas. Why shouldn't she come down to California and spend it with her only daughter? Perfectly natural, I'd say. Be a good girl," Joe coaxed. "Write back and tell her we'd love to have her for Christmas. We won't make a lot of work about it. We can eat out or we can buy a turkey ready-cooked at Hammond's. They deliver them, stuffing n'everything. Even gravy!"

"Gravy!" Shirley scoffed. "Imagine Mother eating restaurant turkey and gravy on Christmas. Imagine!" She began to laugh, a shaky kind of laugh that made Joe's brows worry together.

"What's so funny?" he demanded. "You should be mighty glad your husband wants your mother to come."

Shirley bit her lip.

"It's because you don't realize," she told him. "You were a bachelor, living with other bachelors, when you met me at that office party. And you went to a boys' school before that because your parents were dead, and you didn't have a real home. And then you married me, and I'm glad to live free and easy without a schedule of any kind. I like to eat out or have chili and sandwiches while we watch TV. Any old hit or miss way you want to live suits me. But Joe, *Mother doesn't live this way.* She wants order and planned *gracious living,* as she calls it. And Christmas! If she had a slipshod Christmas, she'd feel that she was a failure."

Joe groaned.

"So it's that bad! Well, she's still your mother, and I like her. I only met her when she met us in Salt Lake City for our wedding. How did she ever have a pixie-faced daughter, with red hair and wicked little glints in her eyes?"

"I'm like my Dad," Shirley answered, trying to force a smile. "No sense of order or responsibility; get up with the sun one morning or sleep till noon the next. You can guess what Mother's life was like with Dad and me, before he was killed in an accident in South America."

The clock on the little shelf above the breakfast table chimed the half hour. Joe stood up and reached for his coat.

"Tell her to come down," he concluded. "We can have her kind of Christmas this year."

Shirley sighed. Joe couldn't realize what it meant, she thought, dismally.

"Okay," she managed, "but don't say I didn't warn you!"

AFTER Joe had kissed her and gone out to the garage, whistling, Shirley wrote a letter to her mother. They would make a real Christmas, she told her, the kind she was used to, and they wanted her to take the plane at their expense and arrive next Saturday, Christmas Eve.

Shirley felt happy when she gave the mailman the letter. It was nice to have a generous husband who wanted to make her mother happy.

The telephone was ringing when she went back into the house, and she sat down lazily to answer it. Kit Brown always called early every morning. Kit was bubbling with an idea.

"Look, hon," she raced on. "Let's go to Las Vegas for Christmas. You and Joe, Leone and Steve, Phil and me. We can have fun, there's a big, new holiday show. I can't bear the thought of trimming a tree or cooking a turkey. And Phil doesn't care. He's still a bachelor in his ways. I'll bet Joe is, too. They lived together so long."

Shirley caught her breath. The plan would suit her to a T. But they just couldn't go. Not now.

"We can't go," she almost cried. "Mother's coming on Christmas Eve!"

"Can't you make an excuse or something?" Kit asked.

"Not now. We are painting the extra room tonight so it will be ready for mother by Christmas Eve."

Kit sighed. "Sorry, hon. We'll miss you."

Shirley put the receiver back in its cradle, thinking how she'd like to go to Las Vegas. But she might as well forget it and start planning Christmas. There wasn't a minute to lose.

She reached for the pad and pencil and wrote rapidly. Monday, paint the spare room; Tuesday, buy the ingredients for mother's fruit bread and mince pies. They should be baked by Thursday. She would make her favorite lemon-rind candy on that day, too, while the bread and pies were baking. That left Friday to get the house cleaned, order the turkey and groceries, and remember to leave the bread out so it would be dry for stuffing. She must write for those recipes her mother always used for oyster sauce, creamed onions, and toasted almond rings. And she had to shop for curtains for the spare room!

There was so much to do she couldn't think straight. She went reluctantly to the spare room and began the tedious job of packing the things they had thrown in there for the last six months.

ON Thursday the answering letter came from her mother. Shirley was in the spare room hanging the new curtains when she saw the mailman at the door. Mother wrote that a real Christmas with Shirley and Joe was her dearest wish. And wouldn't it be fun, she suggested in her sweet, persuasive way, to be Santa Claus for some unfortunate

family the way they had always done every Christmas Eve?

Shirley felt despair mounting in her. Here she was swamped with work, and her mother expected her to take care of another family, too!

She strode to the telephone and dialed Joe's number. He must come home at once, she told his office girl. She needed him.

By the time Joe's green sports car had swung into the driveway and he bounded up the front steps, Shirley had calmed down somewhat.

Joe flopped into a chair. "What's emergency about that?" he demanded. "I thought you'd broken your neck or something!"

"Oh, Joe," she cried against his shoulder. "Can't you see what it means? We'll have to shop for toys and groceries and soap. They always need soap. It takes dozens of bars of soap!"

"We can afford a little soap," Joe soothed her.

"A lot of soap," she corrected.

"Okay, then. A lot of soap. I got my bonus check this morning, more than I thought it would be. Enough extra to buy toys and stuff for some family of kids. So don't worry. I'll make arrangements. You can forget about the whole thing. Your mother and I will go out there after she gets here on Christmas Eve."

He pushed her gently to her feet and stood up. His eyes brightened as he looked down the hall toward the spare room.

"Say!" he beamed. "I like those curtains. They dress up the whole place. And that paint job turned out fine, didn't it? Of course it's not the pink we thought it would be."

Shirley smiled. "Mother will like it," she said, "because it's sort of a heather color. I thought the pale blue curtains set it off."

"They sure do! I'm real proud of it," Joe agreed. "We should've fixed that room months ago. It's been a black spot to me."

"Why, Joe!" Shirley gasped. "I thought you liked it for a catch-all!"

"I like it this way," he said, starting toward the door. "I'll be home early and help you."

AFTER Joe drove away, Shirley sat down with a thoughtful air. The blue curtains were pretty, but she hadn't known until this moment that Joe was the kind of fellow who would pay attention to a pair of new curtains. Maybe there were a lot of little things she didn't know about Joe.

He came home an hour earlier than usual. Shirley was in the kitchen mixing the diced citrus peel for the fruit bread.

"Ummm! Smells good in here," he said, as he tossed his hat on the table and pulled her onto his lap. "Nice to find you home, honey," he whispered against her cheek. "Real nice."

Shirley sat quietly in his arms wondering why he hadn't told her before that it mattered whether she was here when he got home.

She and Kit and Leone had been in the habit of meeting for lunch nearly every day, and visiting until time for their husbands to be home. No, she hadn't thought it made any difference to Joe.

"Guess what?" he laughed. "The boss gave us our choice of a five-pound box of candy or a fifteen-

pound turkey. I took the turkey. I dashed right out to the warehouse and had my first pick. It is a beauty, clean as a whistle, and not a pin feather!"

Shirley kept her face hidden on Joe's shoulder. She really didn't understand him at all. This Joe who was helping her get ready for her mother wasn't the foot-loose bachelor she had thought she married.

JOE must have secretly despised the way they had been living, snatching meals any old place at any old time. He must have thought she didn't know how to cook or make things attractive. But she *did* know how, she thought, defensively, because her mother had taught her before she came to California to work. But Joe had told her he liked canned stew and tamales, and those frozen pies they advertised on television.

She got to her feet with a little bounce. She'd really show him a thing or two that he didn't know about her.

"Would you like a nice steak?" she suggested, twinkling at him. "And a baked potato?"

"Baked potatoes take time," he argued. "I'm a starving man."

Shirley shook her head. "I put them in the oven when I baked the pies. They're nearly done. And I made popovers, too. Mother's recipe. Never fails."

Joe gave her a strange look.

"Sounds good," he said. "And then after dinner, let's go shopping for that family."

Shirley swung around.

"But, Joe! We don't know about them yet. How many or anything."

He took a slip of paper from his wallet.

"Yes, we do. Mrs. Lucy Groves, a widow with six little kids. Oldest boy eight. How about slacks and a sweater for him?"

"And a space helmet?" Shirley suggested.

"Why, sure! A space helmet. Why didn't I think of that? And there's another boy six and four little girls. We'll have to go doll hunting, too. Maybe you can make some extra doll clothes."

SHIRLEY threw her hands up. "Now listen, Mr. Joe Markham," she said flatly. "I'm knee-deep already. I haven't time for doll clothes."

A flashy, yellow convertible whizzed into the driveway, and a horn honked as though the owner felt very chipper.

"What the blazes!" Joe grumbled, looking out of the window. "Here's Kit and Phil. We haven't time for company!"

But they stayed for dinner. Shirley had enough potatoes and she cut the big sirloin steak into four pieces. There were plenty of string beans and a green salad and the popovers were delicious with apricot jam.

Phil leaned back in his chair with a quizzical grin.

"Say, Shirley, I didn't know you could cook. I thought you'd starve if you lost the can opener. Just like us."

"Hidden talent," Shirley tossed back.

Joe ate as though he had been starving for weeks. Once he glanced at Shirley wonderingly, but

there was a flash of pride in it, too.

"Who's fighting on TV tonight?" Phil asked.

Joe answered quickly, "We can't watch TV tonight, Phil. Or the rest of the week. We've got a family to care for."

"A family!" Phil repeated.

"A bunch of little kids who need a Santa Claus," Joe explained.

Phil took a drink of water, then put his glass down thoughtfully. "So you're playing Santa Claus," he mused. "You're the last guy in the world I expected to see in a red suit and long white whiskers!"

Joe's head jerked up.

"Say, that's an idea. White whiskers and a red suit. Thanks, Phil. Shirley's mother will like that. We want everything right for her."

Shirley couldn't swallow. Joe meant it, she thought, the wonder of it swelling in her heart. He is going to dress up for those kids!

"I don't get it, Joe," Phil went on. "You need relaxation after that grind at the office. A trip to Las Vegas would be just the medicine."

Joe shook his head.

"Not for us, Phil. We have a job to do. That's why we have to shop tonight. Want to go along?"

Phil looked across the table at Kit.

She nodded. "Let's go along. We might find something cute for my sister's kids instead of giving them a check."

THE next afternoon Kit and Leone came over while Shirley was baking the fruit bread.

"I had a brainstorm after we got home last night," Kit explained. "I told Leone about those dolls you bought. So we rummaged through our stuff!"

She dumped a sackful of bright ribbons, laces, and fluffy bits of fur on the glass-topped table before the fireplace.

Shirley stared at them. There were enough to make fancy doll clothes for a dozen dolls; little hats, too, and velvet coats trimmed with fur.

Leone and Kit began to sort them over, chatting about a piece of light blue taffeta that would make an adorable dress for a yellow-haired doll.

Shirley couldn't believe it! Leone and Kit making doll clothes! They had worked in the same office with her, and since they married last August they had lived as they pleased.

That is, Shirley thought, they had been like that until this moment. Now they were natural young women, bent over a table of doll clothes. It was as though flowers had blossomed through the snow.

Shirley's throat was suddenly dry and aching. She was terribly afraid she was going to cry, so she made an excuse and went back to the kitchen. She sliced a loaf of fresh fruit bread, poured three glasses of milk, and put them on a tray with a plate of nippy cheese.

If Mother were preparing this, she thought, she would have a flower in a vase to set it off, and she would carry the tray as though it were loaded with precious jewels. Every woman is a queen in her own home, she had told Shirley many times.

All at once, and for the first time since she had left home a year ago, Shirley was very lonesome for her

mother. Why hadn't she appreciated the countless little things she had done to make their home a place of comfort, harmony, and loveliness, during those unsettled years when Shirley was growing up?

Even when their finances were low and Daddy was away on some project, still her mother had been able, somehow, to make things attractive.

Shirley stood very still remembering turnip greens topped with sliced hardboiled eggs and bran muffins fresh from the oven.

And she could see again the red geraniums encircled with sprigs of homegrown holly in the center of their Christmas table the lean year that her Daddy didn't send a check.

With her eyes misty she reached for the African violet on the window ledge and placed it in the middle of the tray; then she lifted her head and carried it proudly into the living room as though it were loaded with something precious.

JOE brought the tree home on Saturday morning. They decided to decorate it before her mother arrived at six o'clock.

The Christmas Eve dinner was in the oven ready to be served when they returned from the airport. Shirley had planned one of her mother's special dinners: a Boston butt roast of pork, baked apples, a casserole of navy beans flavored with molasses and mustard, brown bread, and a tossed green salad.

The tree was twice as large as Shirley had expected, but Joe was so pleased with it she didn't have the heart to suggest that they exchange it for a smaller one, even though they would have to move the piano or the television out of the living room to make a place for it.

After they moved the television set and put the big tree in front of the picture window, Shirley sat down on the settee to rest a bit. She took a long, deep breath, thinking how everything smelled like Christmas. The pungent odor of pine, the oranges and apples on the buffet; the spicy fragrance from the plum pudding she had decided to make at the last minute, and the dinner baking in the oven.

She watched Joe sprinkle the tree with sparkling snow. It was their very first tree together, and all the ornaments were brand new. When he touched them his eyes were eager and bright, as though it were the first tree he had ever really owned. Maybe it is, she thought, remembering that he had lived in a boys' school until he was sixteen.

Her heart tightened and she closed her eyes. If it hadn't been for her mother, Joe wouldn't be trimming a tree; there wouldn't be a huge box in the back of their car loaded with dolls and toys and good things to eat, and nice warm sweaters and slacks and — she swallowed hard — and pretty little doll clothes that Kit and Leone had made, all ready for Lucy Groves' children. And their own home wouldn't be a shining miracle with Christmas in every corner!

Shirley got to her feet quickly and began to unwind the tinsel for Joe to drape on the branches.

"Pretty stuff," he smiled. But she didn't answer. She was too choked up.

It was a busy afternoon, but by five o'clock everything was ready.

Joe stood in the center of the living room with a big, satisfied smile.

"Think she'll like it?" he asked Shirley. "Have we forgotten anything?"

"She'll love it, Joe. And we haven't forgotten a thing."

The doorbell rang.

"Merry Christmas," Phil called. "We're in a hurry, but we stopped by anyway."

"Good!" Joe said. "Come in."

They trailed in with their gaily colored packages.

"Sure wish you two were going along!"

Phil slapped Joe on the back.

"We'll miss you," Steve said in his jolly way.

"Same here," Joe answered.

KIT and Leone were strangely quiet as they put their packages under the big, sparkling tree and took the packages Shirley handed to them in return.

"Ummm! Sure smells good in here!" Phil clicked his tongue.

"It sure does," Steve echoed. "Smells like Christmas when I was a kid."

Leone pulled her fur stole close around her as though she was shivering.

"Let's go," she said.

The telephone rang sharply, and Shirley hurried to answer it. Maybe the plane had arrived ahead of time, she thought.

But it was a telegram. A crisp voice read the message:

> Sorry I cannot be with you. Neighbor very ill in hospital. Her children need me. Please forgive me, my darlings. I love you. Mother.

Shirley couldn't breathe. Silently she handed the receiver to Joe who asked the girl to repeat the message.

Everyone crowded around them, but Shirley bent her head and covered her face with her hands. The house seemed suddenly dark and empty. All their work and planning had crumbled to nothing.

"Oh, Joe," she said bleakly as his arms went around her.

"What a shame!" Kit murmured. "You've worked night and day. And now she can't be here!"

"Tough break," Phil consoled them.

"Let's make the best of it," Steve joined in. "Now you can go to Las Vegas with us."

Las Vegas, Shirley repeated to herself. She looked at Joe. He drew a long breath and wet his lips.

"It's up to Shirley," he said slowly. "But somehow her mother seems right here with us — because — well, because everything she loves about Christmas is right here. If we chase off to Las Vegas, I'd feel we were letting her down and letting ourselves down, too. But it's up to Shirley."

A little pulse began to beat in Shirley's throat. She and Joe were free now to go to Las Vegas. They could have Christmas *a la carte* or any old way they wanted it. Her eyes moved to the big tree shimmering in the window, and back again to Joe's face. He loved that tree and all it meant to him and everything else they had done for Christmas; all the work and plans.

She met Joe's eyes and a sort of magic brushed between them.

"Why don't you all stay right here with us?" she offered smiling. "We'll have such fun out there

with those children—then we'll come back for dinner and open our gifts and sing carols . . . ."

Her voice trailed off wistfully, as she saw Kit's surprised face. Then she noticed Leone was biting her lip and pulling on her gloves. Steve and Phil looked as though someone had asked them to go up in a balloon.

At last Steve said, "That's a swell idea, but we promised our wives a trip to Las Vegas."

"That's right," Phil agreed. "We promised."

Leone bent her head and started to cry.

"Why, baby!" Steve said, "Don't cry. We're going."

"But—I—don't want—to go!" Her voice broke into pieces. "I want to watch those little girls play with the doll clothes we made!"

"So do I," Kit chimed in, "but I was afraid to say so."

Phil tossed his hat up in the air and danced her around the room. "Hurray!" he yelled. "Merry Christmas!"

Steve grinned like a kid who had just found a dime in his pocket.

Joe winked at Shirley and his smile had wonder in it. All the wonder of Christmas.

For You at Christmas

Sylvia Probst Young

When bells for Christmas ring across the snow,
I wish for you all joys your heart can hold—
The warmth of home and hearth, a candle glow,
A star above your window, yellow gold;

A star as guided Magi through the night,
To bring you to the One—the Perfect Light.

May yours be quiet peace at each day's ending;
The peace that Christ was born on earth to bring,
White-winged—and like a gentle dove ascending
Unto the cloven skies where angels sing—

The peace that shepherds found in Bethlehem
Be with you like a shining diadem.

And may you know the blessed joy of giving—
The Child that Mary cradled tenderly
Gave to the world a selfless way of living,
And chose the darkened road to Calvary—

Oh, may his gracious love with you abide
For all the days—beyond the Christmastide.

Merry, Merry Christmas!

Helen Spencer Williams

"CHRISTMAS is coming and the geese are getting fat!" The mincemeat is in the making — luscious plum puddings are ripening in their crocks. Now is the time to begin on Christmas decorations. There is no way better to kindle that warm Christmas spirit than to begin making gifts and decorations for loved ones and to beautify our own houses.

Nothing in the world is so contagious as happiness. Just to be near Florence Williams, as she radiates her Christmas spirit in plans and projects, is to partake of her enthusiasm and happiness. This year she has more ideas and suggestions for Yuletide decoration than ever before — and such beautiful ones!

Florence begins by checking on her Christmas supplies and materials, plasta foam, spray paint that comes in convenient hand-operated cans, artificial snow, angel's hair, and a dozen other articles that will be needed as she makes her Christmas decorations.

One reason why Florence can create such novel and Christmasy decorations is because she is ever on the alert for new ideas, and for the materials to bring them into gay, colorful articles. She watches the magazines, shops in the five-and-dime stores, floral stores, and department stores long before Christmas comes, and then she is ready to start working to share her ideas with others when the season arrives.

Everything pictured here was made by Florence and can be made by you, too. You will have the best time of your life as you see plain green felt become gay tablecloths and Christmas tree skirts; peanuts and pecans and dried-up pine cones transformed into beautiful Christmas wreaths; old artificial flowers, long since discarded, changed into golden nosegays.

You, too, will have to shop the five-and-dime stores for little Santa boots and figures, for tiny Christmas trees, horns, and drums, and for artificial snow, tinsel, and glue; and, also, you'll have to gather pine cones and twigs from evergreen trees and maybe dig up some of your dried ivy and vines—but you will have fun doing it, we promise you.

The Staircase

Before the Christmas holidays, this was a very ordinary dignified staircase and railing in Florence's home. But now—presto! it takes on the magic of Christmas. The railing has been covered with green felt, scalloped and appliqued with miniature Christmas trees which were cut with pinking shears. Standing guard at the foot of the stairs, is a Christmas pixie, and marching toward the pixie down the rail are tiny Christmas trees sprinkled with snow. These have been fastened to the felt with glue. Attached to the wrought-iron railing with bright red ribbon are brightly colored drums; little felt figures holding golden-colored trombones are hanging to the railing. The felt figures are cut out in four pieces, and the body, arms,

Hal Rumel

THE STAIRWAY
Arrangement by Florence C. Williams

face, and cap are glued together; the perky face is painted. Right in the center of the staircase hangs a jolly old snowman's face made of plasta foam; the eyes, nose, and mouth are made of felt. Up in the window above the staircase are two round wax candles that look just like snowballs, and they glow brightly to light the way up the festive stairs.

The Dining Room

Now, let's go into the dining room, where the Christmas buffet

Hal Rumel

THE BUFFET TABLE
Decorated by Florence C. Williams

table is waiting for all the delicious food that has been prepared in anticipation for this holiday season.

The buffet table stands in front of a large mirrored wall which reflects the window on the opposite side of the room. A doll-sized Santa dressed all in white velvet has climbed a ladder and has just finished writing "Merry Christmas," so that all who come to break bread with Florence's family at Christmas time may be greeted with the most joyous wish of all the year.

The table is covered with a snow-white cloth trimmed with gold braid. Big and little Santa Claus boots, with tall suckers, stand in a double row at one end of the table.

In the very center of the table stands the grand old man of Christmas, sort of overseeing all the fun of dining festivities. He is made of a huge candy jar half filled with hard and chewy colored candies for the children. His head is a large ball of plasta foam, his beard soft white cotton; bright buttons are his eyes; a cherry his little red nose, and red felt his mouth. Atop his head perches a bright cap made of felt with a tassel of yarn. Around his shoulders is a collar of felt fringed in gold and white which his sleeves snuggle under. The cap, collar, sleeves, hands, and the buttons down the front are all cut from bright red felt. "The belt which circles his fat little belly is buckled with red so it won't shake like jelly."

This jolly old man has his clothes all stuck on with glue. Even his black shoes, which cover the base of the candy jar, are made secure with it.

Over at one end of the table in a bright red compote burns a large candle ball made of shavings from old candles and trimmed with sequins and artificial snow. It rests on a bed of bright holly and greens. Small figures of Santa stand at either side of the large glass Santa.

Soon the buffet table will be spread with delicious things to eat. The little ones and big folks will take their plates to the tables.

The top for the children's table is a circle of painted composition board resting on an empty barrel that has been painted a bright Christmas red. It has another felt Santa Claus adorning its side.

On top of the table is a Santa tablecloth made of red crepe paper and pasted with figures of angels and reindeer from Christmas storybooks, Santas and sleds dancing round and round making a perfect setting for the big Santa boots holding candy canes, and little wooden candle holders. Big special glasses that have decals of Santa's jolly face on the side mark the place of each tiny guest. The centerpiece is a Swiss music box that goes round as it plays Christmas carols.

Just above the children's table is a parade of Christmas elves and reindeer dancing along the window

Hal Rumel

THE CHILDREN'S TABLE
Decorated by Florence C. Williams

Hal Rumel

THE GOLDEN FLOWERS
Arranged by Florence C. Williams

sill. No wonder the children's eyes shine brighter than the Christmas star itself as they sit at their own festive table for their Christmas dinner in their little red chairs.

An Arrangement of Golden Flowers

Perhaps the very loveliest and unusual decoration in the house is the arrangement of golden flowers. This

is a magnificent arrangement of flowers and balls in a tall tiered compote on top of the piano. True, many of us do not possess such a beautiful container, but we can look at this one Florence has, and find inspiration from its beauty to use what we do have and make something just as exquisite and unusual of our own.

First, Florence gathered all of her old artificial flowers that had accumulated through the years; next she went to the five-and-ten cent store and bought as many artificial roses as she felt she could afford; then, with her old standby, plasta foam, she made large balls about five inches in diameter. She placed all of the flowers and balls on a paper-covered table, and with her spray she painted everything with gold. She was very careful to turn all the flowers so that none of the original color of the flowers showed through. The balls were turned so they were completely covered. The spray paint dried quickly, and as soon as the balls were thoroughly dry, she covered them with small golden coins. Each coin had a tiny hole bored into it and it was then stuck into the golden plasta foam ball with a large pearl-headed pin. Such beautiful ornaments!

Then came the fun of arranging these golden flowers and balls in this elegant dish and circling the base with waxy green laurel leaves. On one side she placed a golden cherub holding one tall white taper with a little wax figure clinging to

Hal Rumel

THE FAMILY TREE
In the Gilbert and Florence C. Williams Home

it and another one just like it nearby. Perfect symmetry is in this arrangement.

This decoration, so regal and tall, would not be suitable in all of our homes, but the golden flowers, the balls with the coins and pearls could be arranged in any compote or a low or high bowl. It would be lovely for a mantel; for a table, or for an entrance hall. And, oh, what a perfectly wonderful time you will have spraying the flowers and making these beautiful balls and arranging them to fit your own particular setting.

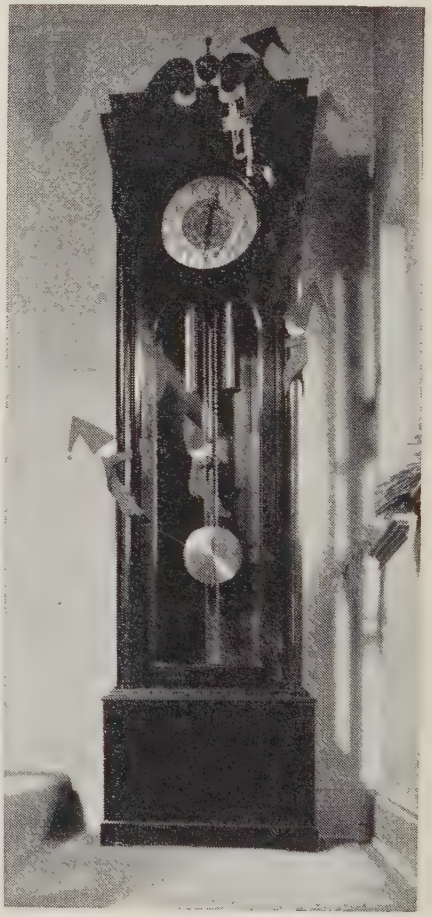
The Family Tree

At the head of the stairs in Florence's house stands an old grandfather's clock. For days and weeks and months and years it has been chiming the hours away. Up the stairs little ones have climbed and paused before it to watch the hands go round and round, to see the pendulum swing back and forth; and have wondered, would it never stop?

The children have grown to manhood and womanhood now, and have gone to make homes of their own. Grandparents and great-grandparents who loved the old clock have gone to their rest, and each generation has taken its own distinctive place in the passage of time and in family life and tradition; and the clock ticks on, giving atmosphere to the memories that have made the home so dear.

The old clock stands as a sentinel guarding "The Family Tree" which is painted on the wall just above the upstairs hall.

Here, too, the children pause to wonder and to ask questions; to point with pride, saying, "Why, that's Great-grandfather Thomas Allen Williams," and "There is Great-great-grandfather John R. Winder, who was called by President Brigham Young to supervise the completion of the Salt Lake Temple," and "Here is Great-great-grandmother Racheal Ballif Campbell whose parents were born in Lausanne, Switzerland, and who came here for the gospel way back



Hal Rumel

THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK
In the Williams Home

in 1854." Or "That is Great-great-great-grandmother Pernecy Allen, who lived in a covered wagon when she was first married. She sheared her own sheep to weave wool for her little ones' clothing, and she was only fifteen years old when she was married."

Thus, "The Family Tree," painted freehand on a wide wall with poster paint by one of Florence's friends, Rebecca Clawson Smoot, tells the story of generations by the quaint pictures hanging from its branches. On the back of each picture is the name, date of birth, marriage, and death, of all those who adorn the tree.

As Gilbert and Florence Williams' family grows, more branches will be added to the tree, and new faces will appear among the leaves. What a unique and wonderful way to teach an appreciation for genealogy!

The upstairs hall is long, the ceiling high. The roots of "The Family Tree" are strong and deep, and the new branches will have space to grow and unfold, adding new beauty and strength to the family life as the years go on.

And the grandfather's clock will go ticking along as each new member pauses to listen to its chimes and to ask questions about mother, father, grandparents, and great-grandparents—who they were, where they came from, and where they are now, and "Will we ever see them again?"

It is good to be wellborn and to be part of a family tree and to listen to a message that will chime out through all eternity. The clock and "The Family Tree" are part of the past and will be part of the future, holding a family together in love, tradition, and pride. May the tree and the clock always remain at the head of the stairs in Florence's house, as symbols of the strength of family ties!

Christmas Is Being Home

Christie Lund Coles

Christmas is being home; wherever you are,
You are led backward through the boughs
Of evergreen and spruce, over the far,
Firm-crusted, sequined snow to where snow plows
Have left no mark, no pathway; but the feet
Of children's Fox-and-Geese can route again
The entrance to a long-familiar street,
Where stars seem twined upon each weathervane.

Christmas is seeing loved ones' eyes more bright
In bauble's satin sheen, in candle glow;
Hearing Noel's bell-tone and the quiet night;
Kneeling in praise like shepherds long ago.
Christmas is being home. . . . The spirit yearns
Backward forever . . . and tonight returns.

A Grandma for Christmas

Myrtle M. Dean

NANCY knew afterward that she would never be able to forget the slender, dark-eyed boy who came to her door that morning. She knew she would never forget him, any more than she had forgotten her only child Michael, who had been struck down in the snow while riding his new sled the day after Christmas. That had happened many years ago, but Michael was the only child she had ever had. Now another boy had suddenly come into her life.

Nancy saw the boy as he came up the sidewalk alone two days before Christmas. He seemed not to notice the other children who were playing in the snow along the street. Children in bright jackets and warm caps and mittens were tossing balls of whiteness at each other. Some fell in the deep softness, making figures in the snow. Nancy could hear the gay shouts and happy laughter of the others, while the lone boy hurried along as though bent upon some important errand.

"Why, he is coming in here," she said to herself. Then she asked her husband, "Please, go to the door, David, there is a boy there. See what he wants here."

As David moved slowly to the front door, Nancy thought, it must be something important, or the boy wouldn't be out in this weather without better wraps. A pang of hurt went through her as she noted the seriousness of the boy's dark eyes and the thinness of his body. His jeans were faded and were much too short for his lanky legs. His coat was not warm, and his arms protruded from the too-short sleeves. He can't be more than twelve, Nancy thought.

As David answered the timid knock, she could hear a shy voice speaking, but could not hear the boy's words. Then, she watched the boy move slowly away as David came back to her.

"Wanted me to hire him to shovel away the snow, but he isn't big enough to handle a snow shovel. Besides, the snow is still falling and it would do no good."

"Oh, but David, you can see very well that the boy needs money. Perhaps his mother has sent him out to earn a little for Christmas." Nancy's voice was full of anxiety.

"Well, he'd probably spend the money on some foolishness anyway. You know how kids are nowadays. Besides, he'd likely get pneumonia for Christmas, if he stayed out shoveling in this wet weather," David argued.

"He'll likely get it anyway, if he has to go on and on, trying to get a job, with his clothes wet to the skin." Nancy's face was troubled as she watched the boy go from one house to another, only to come out, dejectedly moving on along the street.

For a brief moment she lingered

near the window, then turned away. She turned away from the sight of the boy walking along with the hopelessness showing in his slight body. She turned away, too, from the sight of the happy children playing in the street. For deep inside her was creeping back the same deep hurt that always came when she saw happy children playing, just as her little Michael had been playing when he was killed.

"It was so long ago, Nancy—such a long time, and we can't forget," David said tenderly, as he saw Nancy's face as she turned from the window.

"But Christmas always comes—again and again it comes, and with it for us comes always only the hurt, when Christmas should be such a happy time." David took her arm and led her to a chair. For a moment they were silent, then, suddenly, Nancy raised her eyes to David and spoke very firmly, "I want to go to town and do a little Christmas shopping, David."

David looked surprised, but waited for an explanation. Nancy never waited this late to do Christmas shopping. She always shopped early and missed the rush and bustle of last-minute shoppers.

"I think I'd like to go alone today, David," Nancy added. "I'll take the car if you don't mind." There was a new light in her eyes that pleased him.

NANCY had forgotten the streets could be so crowded. She was almost carried along by the people as they pushed along the sidewalk. She was breathless as she moved to the inside of the walk and paused to get her bearings. There were so many children in the crowd. Children with bright, hopeful eyes, as they looked at the gaily decorated windows, and the many toys. Again came the deep hurt inside her chest. She could hear their little Michael saying, "I want that pretty new sled." She was remembering his sparkling eyes when they brought him to see the Christmas things. Now the years seemed to melt away, and it seemed but yesterday.

As Nancy moved on, she noted many child faces gazing hungrily at toys, and the many pretty things which she knew they could not afford. She watched a young girl looking at a lovely dress in Merrill's store window, and she knew that the longing for this dress would not be satisfied. This girl could only dream of pretty clothes. All about her she saw so many who really needed things. She saw unhappy and worried faces, as well as those who could well afford luxurious spending.

"I did not realize that there were so many in need, and people whom one might help," she said to herself. Again her mind turned to the young boy who had come to their door this morning, and she wondered what he was doing. She wondered if his family would have a happy Christmas.

Merrill's Department Store was a good place to buy everything she would want, but Nancy almost turned back as she reached the store door, for she could still feel the pressure of her little Michael's hand in her own, as she had always

brought him to Merrills. He had danced with excitement when they reached the door which was an entrance to a Christmas fairyland.

Nancy knew that she must push away that old feeling that had enveloped her for so long, and had kept her isolated from all the brightness of the holiday season. Without any ordered plan, she began her purchasing. First she went to the glove counter, and bought several pairs. The soft woolly mittens were so warm looking. "I'll take bright, red ones and blue ones for little girls, and the gray and brown for boys, in several sizes," she told the clerk.

NANCY looked in astonishment at the many toys that a child might choose these days. There was miniature farm machinery that looked so real that one wanted to set it to work on a farm. The electric trains that ran around on long tracks, and the fire engines that blew shrill sirens as you pressed a lever were enchanting. Nancy selected some of these exciting things for boys, before she moved to the section where the dolls of every description held little girls enthralled by their naturalness and beauty. Nancy chose a sweet, rosy-cheeked dolly. She loved to touch the softness of its skin. Like a real, live baby, Nancy thought.

"I'll take this one," she told the saleslady. Then she saw the tiny baby doll and asked for it, too. "There are little girls who would like them, I am sure," she said to herself.

While Nancy waited for her parcels to be wrapped, she noticed a boy standing nearby at the costume jewelry counter. The jewelry looked so inviting, all set out on purple velvet; the sparkly sets winking up so bright. Some of it was placed on trays on top of the cases, so one might take it up and view it closely.

Nancy thought it unusual that a boy so young should be so interested in jewelry. He was perhaps eleven or twelve. He was poorly dressed, and was tall and thin. His legs were too long for the rest of him. His face was away from Nancy, but she watched him pick up a pair of earrings, and slowly put them back. They had lovely red sets in them.

"They would match the necklace that David gave me for my birthday years ago," she said to herself.

Nancy moved quickly to the boy, and started to take hold of his arm. "Why do you like the earrings?" Nancy spoke softly.

He moved away from her his eyes averted and his head bent low. It was the same boy who had called to shovel snow.

"I wanted them for my mother. It was for her I wanted them," he said slowly. "I wanted her to have something pretty, like other women do."

The salesgirl was coming over to them now, and the boy tried to leave, but Nancy held to his arm. "Wait, boy, please don't go yet. I must talk to you," Nancy said.

"MAY I help you?" the girl asked Nancy.

"Yes, please, the earrings; the red sets are so pretty in these." Nancy pointed to the pair.

"Three dollars," the girl said.

Nancy counted out the money, while the girl wrapped them in a dainty parcel.

"I can't give these to you, lad," Nancy said, as she and the boy left the counter. "But perhaps you can earn the money for them."

The boy spoke tempestuously. "She works so hard for all of us. Since my father died we can have only the things like clothes and food. There is never anything pretty or anything like jewelry for mother to wear. I do all I can to help, but I go to school." For a moment a flicker of a smile came to his lips as he said, "I bought a tiny red fire engine for my little brother. He will like that. And I got a ten-cent storybook for my two sisters." The boy hesitated and his eyes fell, then, "I did want something for my mother for Christmas." The boy's voice broke as he raised his eyes to meet Nancy's.

"What is your name, Son?" Nancy's lips trembled as she spoke the word, *Son*.

"My name is Joe . . . Joe Carlson," he spoke softly.

"I would like very much for your mother to have these earrings, Joe. Maybe you can come and work to pay for them. The snow has stopped falling now. Would you like to shovel it away? There would be the walks and the roof, too, I think. There is so much snow. Too much for David, my husband, to manage." Nancy watched the boy's eyes lighted up, and the sullen, despondent look fall away.

"Oh, I would . . . I would like ever so much to pay for them that way, so I'd have them for my mother." Joe's lips relaxed into a timid smile.

"Then, Joe, come to 620 Maple Street, David and Nancy Brooks live there."

"Why, I live just a few blocks from Maple, down on Elm." He started to hurry away, then turned and smiled. "Thanks . . . thanks a lot."

Nancy knew she must hurry home, and be there when the boy arrived to shovel snow.

David met her at the door. "What in tunket is all this?" he asked, as the parcels spilled over the dining table as she put them from her arms.

Nancy evaded his question for the moment, and spoke with censure in her voice, "You've cleared the snow from the front walk, David."

"What is so wrong about that? It stopped snowing, and I had to have something to do. It's lonesome with you out of the house, you know."

IT pleased Nancy that David missed her. She gave him a little smile, then she said, "The roof should be cleared, and you shouldn't be climbing a roof."

"Well, I didn't know I was so old and decrepit. Just last week when it snowed you said that I'd better clear the roof." David spoke with an injured tone.

"I have asked a boy to come and shovel the snow, David. This boy needs money. He is the boy who came here this morning and we sent him away. I didn't know there were so many worried and unhappy people all around us, until today, David."

"That reminds me; I haven't sent our usual charity check for gifts for the needy," David said.

"Don't this year, David. We have been doing things the wrong way. We haven't been part of our giving at all. Today, I have seen so many who need more than gifts that money can buy. I want us to give something more." Nancy's eyes shone with an interest that David had not seen for a long time.

"But, all this you brought home today, Nancy?" David motioned to the bundles piled upon the table.

"There are many who need them," she said.

They heard the door bell then, and Nancy went to answer it. Joe stood there wiping his shoes on the mat.

"This is the boy, David. He is here to clear the snow," Nancy explained.

"My wife thinks that I am too decrepit to shovel snow. Do you think that you can do it?" David asked with a sly grin.

"Yes, yes, I can, I'm sure." The boy scuffed his feet nervously as David eyed him critically.

Nancy wondered, too, if the boy should do it, as she saw closely how thin and pinched he really was. "Get him a pair of your gloves, David. His hands will freeze in the cold," she said.

David brought the gloves from the hall closet. "There is a ladder out back so you can start with the roof. The shovel is by the back porch," David told the boy.

"His legs are so spindly and long, he may get them tangled up and trip himself," David said mischievously, "but you hired him."

Nancy looked worried as she heard the boy on the roof. "It would be terrible if he should get hurt for Christmas," she said.

NANCY slipped away to her room, and took from her jewel case the old ruby necklace that David had given her. She fastened it about her throat; her eyes soft with happy remembrance. Then she placed it with the earrings she had bought at Merrill's today. She carefully wrapped them together in a box with white tissue, and tied it with blue ribbon. She took it with her to the kitchen, where she hurried to make hot chocolate.

"Come in and warm up a bit," Nancy said, as she met Joe at the door as he finished clearing the snow.

Nancy led the way to the living room and placed a chair before the fireplace for Joe. She carried the chocolate in a bright pottery pitcher, and poured it into pretty pottery cups. Beside it was a plate heaped with golden doughnuts. A tenderness for the boy filled her as he held out his thin, cold hands to the fire to warm, while he sat in the big cushioned chair before the hearth. She saw the sweetness of his face and felt his gratefulness as he tasted the food she gave him. There are things that a boy needs, even more than food and drink, she thought soberly.

"What most of all would you like for Christmas, Joe?" Nancy asked, hardly realizing what she was asking the child.

"I think . . . I think most of anything in the world . . ." Joe hesitated again briefly, "I think I would rather

have a grandma," he said solemnly.

Surprised and sobered by the boy's unusual wish, Nancy questioned, "Don't you have a grandma?"

"Not anymore," Joe said. "I remember though, how my Grandma Brown used to help us children make popcorn balls and taffy candy at Christmas time, and she would knit warm mittens for us every winter."

I will never be a grandma, never, Nancy thought, now. I am not too young to be a grandma though, and David could be a grandpa. I really think he would like it very much. I wonder if a substitute grandma would do for Joe? I'll have to talk the matter over with David. I can't make him a grandpa without his consent, Nancy said to herself, but she thought from the serious way he was looking at the boy now that he would not be hard to convince.

DAVID took out his purse to pay the boy for his work. He looked puzzled, when Nancy said, "I'm paying Joe, David." Then she slipped a tissue-wrapped parcel into the lad's hand. "I put an extra trinket in that I think your mother will like, Joe." In Nancy's smile was the love of a real grandma.

"What in tunket kind of pay are you giving a boy — a tissue-wrapped box, tied with a ribbon bow?"

Joe's bright smile left a warmth and glow in the room even after he had gone.

"I thought you said that the boy needed money," David said abruptly.

"He needs some things even more than money. Did you hear him, David? The boy said, 'more than anything,' he wants a grandma."

"Might be you could take on the job. Seems to me, you would make a real fine grandma. But then, then I'd be a grandpa for sure, wouldn't I?"

"Would you mind, David?" From the pleased expression he wore, Nancy was sure he would not. Now she told him about the boy in the store, and why she had brought him to shovel the snow.

"You're a trump, Nancy." David's eyes crinkled in a tender smile.

"We could have a real Christmas Eve party, with Joe's mother and the children. There are three of them, besides Joe. There are others, too, whom we could invite." Nancy was surprising herself, her ideas were cropping up so fast.

"And I will find the finest Christmas tree in town." David was as enthusiastic as a boy.

Nancy's eyes lowered, and for a moment she could not speak. She was seeing again their little Michael as he gazed happily at the bright tree in the corner of the room. Nancy had said, after Michael had gone, "We will never have another tree." All these years there had been none, but now Nancy raised her head high, and spoke firmly, "Yes, David, get the finest tree in town."

Nancy and David looked at each other. There was a shining look in their eyes, and an awareness of two people who are very close. Nancy began to hum a tune very softly now. It was just a bit of the song that came to her, "All is calm, all is bright . . . Sleep in heavenly peace." She knew that at last a heavenly peace had come back to their hearts.

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts From the *Woman's Exponent*, December 1, and December 15, 1897

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

RESTORATION OF MOUNT VERNON: It will be gratifying news to many to learn that Mount Vernon is to undergo restoration to as near its condition at the time of its occupancy by our first President as it is practicable. It was recently discovered that decay had set in in some of the timbers used in the erection of the mansion and work has already begun under the direction of the Mount Vernon Ladies association for their replacement by materials of most lasting quality. . . .

—*Home Magazine*

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE IN DAVIS STAKE: The Relief Society conference of Davis Stake met at Kaysville Oct. 28, 1897, President Susan Grant, presiding . . . said, "Through the blessings of the Lord we are permitted to meet again in this capacity. I am afraid we do not appreciate the blessings the Lord is continually showing to us. . . . I want to encourage the sisters to take the *Exponent*." . . . Sister L. D. Alder addressed the meeting: "When the Prophet Joseph Smith organized the Society he did it as a pattern of the olden times, I think these organizations existed in the days of the Savior. . . . When we do anything in the Relief Society we are helping ourselves, these meetings are our own meetings and we can work a little extra to attend them . . . there is a bond that unites the sisters that work together. . . ."

—Phebe C. Sessions, Sec.

WOMAN'S APPEAL

O never yet has freedom called in vain
On woman's hand or woman's brain,
Through shadowy stretch of fleeting years,
See her undaunted by her fears,
Set forth from kindred and her native strand
To dwell thenceforth in foreign land. . . .
The Nineteenth Century on roll of fame
Has oft inscribed a woman's name. . . .

—Bertha M. Wixon

SAVE YOUR MONEY: And when you get a dollar, deposit it with Zion's Savings Bank and Trust Company, the oldest and largest savings bank in Utah. . . . The laws of Utah permit married women and also children who are minors to open savings accounts in their own name, subject to their own order. . . .

—Advertisement

CHRISTMAS AND THE CHILDREN: Christ loved little children and he told his disciples, "Except ye become as these little ones ye shall in no wise enter the kingdom of heaven." The very simplicity of the language in which our Savior taught . . . clothes it with a significant beauty and makes it all the more touching to the human heart. . . . The children should be made as happy as possible with nice and comfortable gifts from those who love them. . . . On the blessed Christmas day let us hope there will not be a hungry child or an unhappy one in all Utah. . . .

—Editorial

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

MISS JOYCE MYRON, eighteen, of North Bergen, New Jersey, is an expert on the atom, and in September she demonstrated the operation of a huge nuclear reactor, thus winning $64,000 and barely missing winning $120,000 on the Sixty-four Thousand Dollar Question program on television. Miss Myron is a college sophomore.

MRS. IVY BAKER PRIEST, a native of Utah, and United States Treasurer, recently received from the Easter Seal Society a citation for her "dedicated effort" as chairman of the 1957 National Easter Seal Campaign. The citation praised Mrs. Priest for her great service to crippled children and adults during the campaign.

CID RICKETTS SUMNER, at the age of sixty-four, author of *Traveling in the Wilderness*, "calmed her nerves" by exploring, partly on a rubber raft, the dangerous canyons of the Green and Colorado rivers.

MRS. IRMA R. De VIGO, of Puerto Rico, Public Welfare Consultant to the Bureau of Public Assistance, helped co-ordinate welfare activities during a recent hurricane.

MRS. GROVER FLOWERS, of Ozark, Alabama, is the State's only woman school superintendent.

JULIA MORGAN was the architect of the magnificent San Simeon palace of William Randolph Hearst, recently presented, with its great art treasures, to the State of California as a museum. Miss Morgan designed more than 700 other buildings. She was the first woman to attend the famous Beaux Arts school in Paris. She was also one of the first women engineers. She wielded a pronounced influence on American architecture. Julia Morgan died last February in San Francisco at the age of eighty-five years.

THREE women recently admitted to United States citizenship, are especially interested Sky Watcher volunteers in Great Neck, New York. Mrs. Rosia Stolzenberg said, "Until 1938, when I slept the first night on American territory, fear never left me." Mrs. Johanna Whitfield was a former member of the Dutch Underground, and Mrs. Beatrice Heinbock endured the bombardment of Brussells in 1940. Mrs. Whitfield has served 1500 hours in the Ground Observer Corps.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 44 DECEMBER 1957 NO. 12

The Message of Christmas

THE message of Christmas is one of love, and has been since the young, beautiful mother Mary wrapped her Babe in swaddling clothes and lovingly and awesomely laid him in the manger. Love for the Son of God has filled the hearts of Christ's true followers down the ages.

The Savior would not have his worshipers follow him through fear or dread, but because of the love which fills their hearts. His entreaty is "If ye love me, keep my commandments" (John 14:15). It was love in the heart of the Heavenly Father which caused him to send his Only Begotten and Beloved Son in the flesh that his spiritual children who inhabit the earth might regain their heavenly home. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life" (John 3:16). Love for God and humanity are the first and second great commandments.

As one commemorates the event of the First Christmas the heart is filled with love and joy. One recreates in his mind that scene — Mary gazing in adoration at her Son, with Joseph standing protectingly nearby, then the worshiping shepherds who had heard the heavenly host proclaiming the birth and promising peace, and, later, the outpouring of the wise Magi's gifts. Joy and awe mingle with the love one feels.

No shadow of Golgotha casts its threat over that wonderful scene. Only love has place and the outpourings of its manifestation. Gold, myrrh, and frankincense are but symbols for the gift of love each follower must lay at the feet of the Babe—a broken heart and contrite spirit. Anything less is tawdry and tinsel, but a broken heart and contrite spirit surpass the riches of the whole world. They reveal true compliance with the Son's entreaty "If ye love me, keep my commandments." He who brings those gifts carries the supreme gift for Christmas to his Savior.

—M. C. S.

Notes TO THE FIELD

Christmas Presents for Relief Society Women

SPECIAL Relief Society gifts for the women on your Christmas list are available at the office of the General Board of Relief Society, 76 North Main Street, Salt Lake City 11, Utah. Included are the following items, any one of which would make an appropriate and treasured Christmas remembrance:

THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING PLATE

A ten-inch plate made of exquisite Staffordshire china, with a border design of golden wheat, centered by the official Relief Society seal, with its motto "Charity Never Faileth." Portraits of the nine General Presidents of Relief Society circle the plate around the central motif—a lovely picture in full color of the Relief Society Building. Price $3.50, including postage.

THE OFFICIAL RELIEF SOCIETY PIN

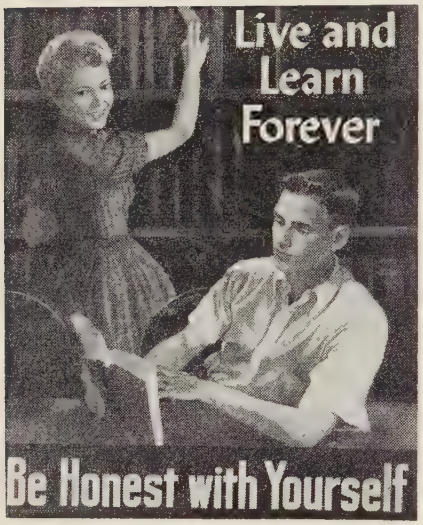
An attractive pin in gold and blue, the Relief Society colors. The pin has a delicately fluted edge and is centered by the engraved initials "R. S." The motto "Charity Never Faileth" circles the pin, with the date 1842—commemorating the organization of Relief Society. The pin is beautifully made and has a safety clip lock. Price $1.75, including postage.

"WIST YE NOT THAT I MUST BE ABOUT MY FATHER'S BUSINESS?"

A beautifully illustrated book by President J. Reuben Clark, Jr., containing six chapters which narrate the journey of Jesus from Nazareth to Jerusalem, the temple sacrifices on the day of the Passover, and the appearance of Jesus in the temple. This scholarly volume is written with great precision and beauty of language, and authoritative interpretation. The paper is of excellent quality, and the book is bound in dark blue fabricoid, with gold lettering of the title. Price $2, including postage.

Live and Learn Forever

DIMENSIONS OF KNOWLEDGE



MANY of us are distressed because we may think our capacities for learning and our talents are limited, but few of us realize that no one has ever reached the full measure of his ability to learn. All of the time given to us on this earth, and in the eternities to come, is for our development. At best, we learn only a small fraction of the great knowledge which is waiting for us to discover.

Knowledge, in itself, is valuable and becomes a source of joy and advancement. Without some knowledge of our earth home, its peoples and their ways, its past, and its possible future, we have no real foundation for our journey into the wider paths of wisdom.

The Lord through the Prophet Joseph Smith gave us direction in our search for learning, when he spoke of the many subjects of study suitable for the saints:

> Of things both in heaven and in the earth; things which have been, things which are, things which must shortly come to pass; things which are at home, things which are abroad; the wars and the perplexities of the nations, and the judgments which are on the land; and a knowledge also of countries and of kingdoms . . . (D. & C. 88:79).

Our knowledge of the forces of nature, of the plants and animals of the earth, the history of men and nations — all the knowledge that we can gain in the wide fields of science and art and industry — these tools, alone, will not give us complete wisdom — for wisdom is knowledge in action; wisdom is that use of knowledge which will best serve us here and hereafter. It is the ability to choose among many things those which have a lasting value for us and our loved ones. It is the understanding to select from many paths those which will lead us most surely to our destination, to that time and place when our possibilities for learning shall be increased, when our sphere of understanding shall be magnified, and when our wisdom will be sufficient for us to understand the light which

> . . . proceedeth forth from the presence of God to fill the immensity of space— the light which is in all things, which giveth life to all things, which is the law by which all things are governed, even the power of God . . . who is in the bosom of eternity, who is in the midst of all things (D. & C. 88:12-13).

Holiday Guests Deserve the Best

Counselor Helen W. Anderson

OF all the holiday festivities, I like most of all the times when family, friends, and neighbors drop in informally to visit around the fireplace and enjoy the Christmas goodies prepared ahead of time.

Berliner-Kranser

- 1 c. butter
- ½ c. sugar
- 2 egg yolks
- 2 hard-cooked egg yolks, sieved
- 2½ c. sifted enriched flour

Cream butter and sugar. Add uncooked egg yolks one at a time. Stir in sieved egg yolks. Add flour, stirring only until blended. On lightly floured board, roll small pieces of dough under your hands to pencil size—about five inches long and about ¼ inch thick. Form each into a circle bringing one end over the other to form a bow knot or wreath. Beat one egg white slightly and brush tops of cookies. Sprinkle on coarsely crushed sugar made by crushing cubed sugar with a rolling pin. Bake on ungreased cookie sheet in 350° oven from 10 to 12 minutes or until set, but not brown.

Krumkaka

A special iron is needed for these crispy cones. This iron can be found in European specialty shops.

- 6 eggs
- 1 c. heavy cream
- 1¾ c. sugar
- 2⅔ c. sifted flour
- 1½ tsp. crushed cardamon seed (Buy the whole seed. Remove outer shell and crush seed with a rolling pin)
- ¾ c. melted butter

Beat eggs with heavy cream, add sugar, flour, cardamon seed and melted butter. Put 1 tbsp. batter in hot iron and bake about one minute. Remove from iron and roll around ice cream cone to achieve desired cone shape. Cool and take off cone. These look especially attractive when arranged on a large tray with fruit cake, brownies, Norwegian snowballs or other cookie varieties.

Norwegian Snowballs

- ½ c. powdered sugar
- 1 c. butter
- 2½ c. flour
- ¼ tsp. salt
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 c. nuts (cut up)

Cream butter to soften. Add powdered sugar and blend. Add flour, salt, vanilla, and nuts. Roll into balls the size of a walnut. Bake in 400° oven for 10 to 20 minutes. Bake on rack just above center of oven. Cool and roll in powdered sugar. Store in tight cake tin.

Sandnotter

- ½ lb. butter
- 1¾ c. flour
- 1 egg
- 1 c. sugar
- 2 c. corn starch
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- 1 tsp. vanilla

Cream butter, add sugar, beaten eggs, sifted flour, baking powder, and vanilla. Roll in nut-sized balls. Press flat with a fork. Bake at 400° until light brown.

Spritz

1 c. butter
¾ c. sugar
1 egg
½ tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. almond extract
2½ c. flour

Cream butter, add sugar gradually, and unbeaten egg. Sift together flour, salt, and baking powder three times, and add to first mixture. Add extract. Put through cookie press. Bake 10 to 12 minutes in 400° oven. Holly wreaths, Christmas trees, or poinsettias may be decorated with red and green candy decoretts.

Honey Taffy

3 c. sugar
1 c. honey
⅔ c. water
3 tbsp. white vinegar
3 tbsp. butter or margarine
¼ tsp. salt

Combine and cook, stirring occasionally until very hard ball forms in cold water. Pour into buttered pan until cool enough to handle. Pull until light golden color and porous. Twist and cool on a greased pan. Mark with knife and, when cool, cut or break into pieces.

Panoche

½ c. sugar (carmelized)
¼ c. water
3 c. sugar
2 tbsp. light corn syrup
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 c. canned milk
¼ tsp. salt
1 c. nuts (cut up)
1 tsp. vanilla

Caramelize sugar and add ¼ c. water. Boil until caramelized sugar is dissolved. Add sugar, syrup, butter or margarine, milk, and salt. Cook in heavy saucepan until soft ball forms in cold water, stirring occasionally. Pour onto marble slab or platter. When cold, add vanilla, stir until hard and creamy, and then knead until smooth and firm. Knead in nuts. Form into rolls and when firm and cold, cut into slices.

Melt-in-Your-Mouth Fudge

2 1-ounce squares unsweetened chocolate
3 c. sugar
2 tbsp. corn syrup
2 tbsp. butter or margarine
1 c. canned milk
¼ tsp. salt
1 tbsp. vanilla
1 c. walnuts (cut up)

Combine all except last two ingredients in heavy saucepan and cook slowly, stirring until chocolate is dissolved. Cook to soft-ball stage, stirring frequently. Remove from heat and pour onto marble slab or platter until cold. Add vanilla and stir until it can be taken up into hands. Knead until smooth. Knead in walnuts. Form into rolls and slice when cold and firm.

Fondant

2 c. sugar
2 tbsp. light corn syrup
¾ c. water
⅛ tsp. cream of tartar

Cook ingredients in a heavy saucepan, stirring until it comes to a boil. Wipe sugar crystals from around sides of pan several times during cooking with a fork wrapped in a damp cloth. Cook until it forms a soft ball in cold water. Pour onto marble slab

or large platter. (Do not move.) When cold, stir until creamy and stiff, then knead until smooth. Wrap in waxed paper and store in large covered bowl and let stand in refrigerator over night.

For a Christmasy-looking roll, cut red and green maraschino cherries into small pieces, add nuts, and knead into fondant. Fondant may also be used to stuff figs or dates, or it may be molded into small round balls and covered with melted chocolate.

Caramels

2 c. sugar
2 c. light corn syrup
1 square butter or margarine
1 can evaporated milk
1 tsp. vanilla
1 c. nuts (cut up)
pinch of salt

Bring sugar, syrup, and butter to a boil, add soda and milk slowly. Continue stirring until a firm ball forms in cold water. Add vanilla and nuts. Pour into buttered pan, cool, and mark into squares.

Raisin Sugar Cookies

½ c. butter or margarine
¾ c. sugar
1 egg
1 tbsp. milk
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 tsp. grated lemon rind
1½ c. sifted flour
¼ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. baking powder
2 c. raisins

Mix together thoroughly butter, sugar, egg, milk, lemon juice and rind. Sift together and stir in flour, baking powder, and salt. Add raisins. Chill dough. Roll dough into nut-sized balls. Flatten balls with bottom of glass greased with margarine, and then dipped in sugar. Bake at 425° seven minutes or until lightly browned.

Finale

Dorothy J. Roberts

Watch the world converge again
In gift and card and holly,
Joining underneath the tree
In a grand finale.

Moved by dreams in children's eyes,
It stirs its dream's slow ember,
To give to love a glowing form.
And young hearts will remember

Another gift of truth and love,
The promise and the reason,
And slowly learn the bleakest year
Will bring a shining season.

Testimony of the Stick of Joseph

Louise S. Cotterell

AND now, after the many testimonies which have been given of it, this is the testimony, last of all, which I give of The Book of Mormon: That it lives!

Thus do I testify of the Nephite scriptures, even as Joseph Smith the Prophet and Sidney Rigdon bore testimony that Jesus lives. No volume is more pulsing with life, more throbbing with the earthly struggles of men, both good and bad.

The Book of Mormon lifts a magic curtain and grants me imaginative entrance into the remote past. Innumerable times I have felt the cold chill of the wind in my face as I have stood on the top of lonely Mount Shelem with the Brother of Jared and have gazed in ecstatic wonder at the sixteen clear, white, transparent stones illuminated by the touch of the finger of the Lord.

Rocking to and fro in her misery, Sariah has often shattered the stillness of the desert air with her Hebraic lament as, helpless to comfort her, I have sat beside her in the tent of Lehi in the valley of Lemuel. Mother-heart has spoken to mother-heart; I have comprehended Sariah's anguish in her fear that her four sons had perished in the wilderness on a return trip to Jerusalem.

In a thicket of small trees I have listened intently to the words of Alma. I have heard Alma counsel his little band of followers (exiles from the tyranny of wicked King Noah) to be baptized in the name of the Lord. And, with the others, I have clapped my hands for pure joy as I have seen Alma take Helam into the waters of Mormon; both men were buried in the fountain of pure water and came forth rejoicing, filled with the spirit.

With the light-hearted abandon of joyous youth, I have gayly danced and sung with the daughters of the Lamanites on a sun-flooded green in a place called Shemlon. Our laughter has rung forth clear as bells as we have shyly exchanged secrets about stalwart Lamanite youths who have caused our hearts to flutter and our eyes to shine.

Breathlessly, I have run from door to door in the Land of Ishmael with Abish, the Lamanitish woman, making known to the people that Ammon, the Nephite missionary, King Lamoni, his queen, and all their servants lay prostrate on the earth, overpowered by the Spirit of the Lord. Fervently I have prayed with Abish as we have hurried on our way, prayed that the Lamanites would assemble in the house of the king, prayed that the strange sight of those who lay as dead would cause the Lamanite multitude to believe in the power of the living God.

While kneeling close to Nephi III on the grounds of the temple in the land Bountiful, I have clutched a corner of the hem of his robe, when, awe-struck and trembling with emotion, I have witnessed the descent of the Glory of Godhood and have heard the pronouncement: "Behold, I am Jesus Christ!" At that breath-taking moment I have felt that sustaining strength flowed to me

through the spiritual power of Nephi the Disciple whose faith in the Lord Jesus was so great that angels ministered to him daily.

Such people (and many, many others) from the pages of The Book of Mormon have become my intimate friends. I have shared their lives, suffered with them, rejoiced with them. Though they have long since passed from earthly existence, my heart assures me that they are still alive. And the scriptures confirm that my heart speaks truly: "For he is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him" (Luke 20:38).

My mind finds the Nephite record fascinating with its intricacies of plot, its varied character delineations, and its cultural details which slowly but surely are being verified by scientists. My mind appreciates, too, the excellent moral teachings of The Book of Mormon; these principles, if applied, would undoubtedly make for more abundant living and a happier social order among all the children of men.

But my heart leaps beyond the logical, the human, the intellectual, the social, or even the moral, to recognize the divinity of the record of the Nephites and the Jaredites. Upon Mount Sinai, Moses received two tables of stone written on both sides by the finger of God. Though actually engraved by human prophets, the ancient American plates just as surely had divine endorsement, for I know that Nephite and Jaredite fingers were guided in their writing by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit; yet the ancient American historians, in deepest humility, more than once expressed their feelings of inadequacy for the tremendous task assigned them. Moroni, in particular, acknowledged his imperfection as a literary man: his awkwardness of hands in writing, his stumbling in the placing of words. Fools may mock, as Moroni feared, but they shall surely mourn. Though inscribed by fingers, faltering at times, because of the Christ-like humility of the writers, The Book of Mormon rings forth with the living word of God.

This knowledge of the divinity of The Book of Mormon came to me neither easily nor miraculously. As the result of an earnest desire to know, as the result of patient study to gain understanding, and as the result of fervent prayer for guidance and enlightenment, the revealing power of the Holy Ghost was gradually exercised in my behalf. One blessed day, I *knew* that in the early nineteenth century an untutored farm boy (doubtless chosen before the world was, for his tremendous mission) had been raised up by the Lord to restore to the earth the gospel of Jesus Christ in its purity and truth. I knew, as I know that I live, that the ancient Nephite record translated into English by Joseph Smith and published as The Book of Mormon was in very truth another witness for Christ. Since that happy day when a sure testimony entered my soul, I have felt flooded with light, light sufficient to brighten my way as I walk through the darkness of mortality, sufficient to cast a reassuring gleam along the pathway toward eternal life.

Nor do I regret that neither miraculous manifestation nor startling

discovery proved to be the foundation of my testimony. I can testify to the truthfulness of The Book of Mormon far more surely than if one of the Three Nephites had borne witness at my door; more surely than if, somewhere in the Americas, a stela had been unearthed bearing carved figures and decipherable inscriptions which read as follows: Lehi, Sariah, Laman, Lemuel, Sam, Nephi; more surely than if recently in the Hill Cumorah in New York there had been accidentally discovered some gold plates, curiously engraved with characters which scientists had identified as ancient Egyptian. Yes, I have a testimony far stronger than that founded upon miracles or upon the corroborating support of external evidence. Through the enlightenment of the Holy Ghost, I feel as if a testimony has permeated every fiber of my being—a testimony that Jesus of Nazareth is the Christ, that Joseph Smith is a true prophet of God, that The Book of Mormon is the Biblical stick of Joseph. Now, the stick of Judah and the stick of Joseph are one in my hand and one in my love.

May the Lord graciously look beyond my inadequate words to read the gratitude written in my heart for the testimony which I have gained! Well do I understand the wise words of King Benjamin. Though I should thank the Lord and serve him all the days of my life, I should still be an unprofitable servant because of the magnitude of the gifts which he offers me. I can only bow in humble devotion before the glory and the wonder of it all.

With the strengthening of my testimony has come a greater peace of soul than I had ever previously enjoyed. A calming realization has dawned. Disappointments and failure to achieve goals set by human ambitions and desires will continue to test my faith, from time to time. But, if I sincerely and prayerfully attempt to obey, *all* the laws and ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ, I have faith that I shall live to fulfill the mission of my creation in the divine plan of God. More I ask not.

New Serial "Elizabeth's Children" to Begin in January

A new serial "Elizabeth's Children," by Olive Woolley Burt, will begin in the January 1958 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine*. The questions of woman's work and woman's destiny are considered in this serial, which relates the changes brought about in the life of Carol Wilson when her sister Elizabeth dies and the children want their Aunt Carol.

The author will be remembered for her previous serials in the *Magazine*: "And for Eternity" and "Bitter Medicine," as well as for her many excellent short stories, articles, and poems.

Bodell Christine H. Jensen Crochets Prize-Winning Rugs

MRS. Bodell Christine Hansen Jensen, Salt Lake City, makes rugs of great beauty and durability. Using cast-off clothing — house dresses, pajamas, shirts, skirts, and other materials, she crochets the rag strips into lovely, colorful designs, and, for durability, makes the borders of new materials. She is ninety years young and has been a Relief Society worker since her young womanhood. For sixty-two years she was a visiting teacher. She is the mother of nine children, six of whom are still living. She has seventeen grandchildren and thirty-two great grandchildren.

Mrs. Jensen was born in a small, two-room adobe home which was built on 27th South Street in Salt Lake City by Mary Fielding Smith, mother of President Joseph F. Smith, and her sons in 1848. This home still stands. It is said to be the oldest house in the valley which still stands on its original site.

Childhood Home

Mabel Law Atkinson

How dear that home whose shrine invited rest;
With children's laughter its melodic chimes;
Where twelve of us, the Master as our guest,
Stepped in and out of heaven many times!
Deserted now and lonely, still there gleams
Its light to mark the pathway to our dreams.

Christmas 1884

Vernessa Miller Nagle

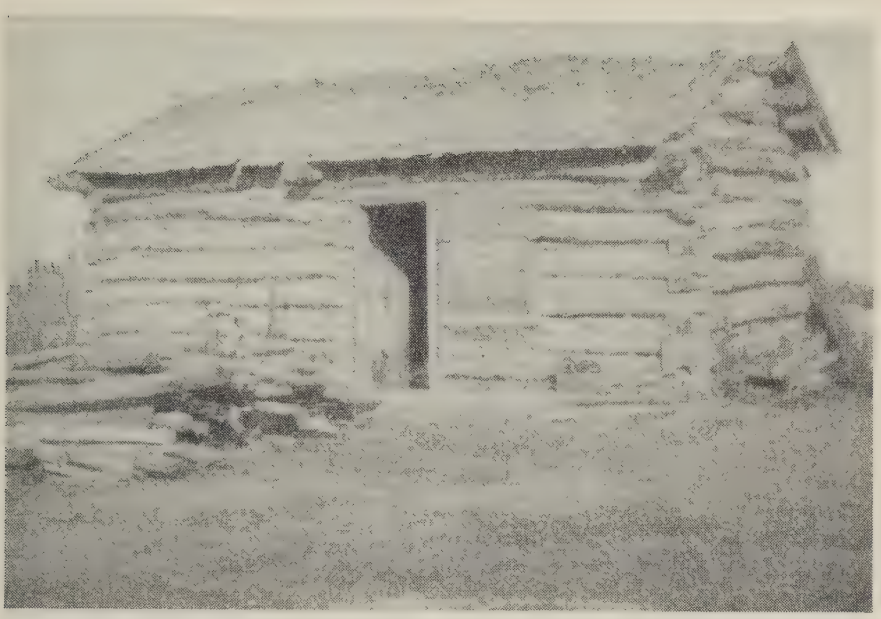
MOTHER found that first Christmas in the upper valley of the Snake River very different. There had been a comfortable home in Davis County, Utah. But this one—how primitive, how formidable, it seemed. But home it was to be, and there was no turning back, so stated Grandfather whenever he observed a half-wistful, half-longing expression on the face of any one of the children old enough to make comparisons from poignant memories of another home.

The snow had come unusually early that year, the November rains turning to frost with snowdrifts piled high about the few dirt-roofed log cabins that hugged the frozen ground. The mad Snake had gouged its brush-lined banks, the frozen slush spreading out into the valley inundated all signs of vegetation.

From various points South, the early colonizers had trekked into the valley, crossing the Oregon Trail at Fort Hall, plowing their way on northward, thirteen days from Farmington, Utah, to Egin Bench, a distance of approximately two hundred sixty miles—a record trip. They had used a span of splendid horses on wheel with mules on the lead pulling a lead wagon. Resting the horses at intervals of two or three hundred feet, the women and children had often walked to lighten the load. Over Anderson's toll bridge at Eagle Rock, the trail led, then followed the Corrine-Butte freighting road to Market Lake, on across the sands and lavas to journey's end.

And now Christmas Eve. A few homemade candles threw questioning shadows about the dark corners of the mud-chinked wall logs and played about the rough puncheon floors. A huge kitchen stove sputtered rebelliously, coughing and hissing as pale flames bravely attempted to eat their way into foot lengths of semi-dry sapling boughs. Mingled odors of foods in preparation for the Christmas dinner permeated the room, foods that would do justice to the occasion. Water barrels but recently filled with icy water from the river bottoms of the Snake had been placed in their respective corners of the kitchen. An uncrated wooden hogshead placed near the washstand was evidence of a recent addition to the family supply of staples, hauled by sleigh outfit from Market Lake, a distance of about thirty miles. Contents? Frozen potatoes shipped by friends from the old home in Utah. On the morrow they must be placed out of doors to prevent thawing.

A hewn-log work table near the stove was piled high with the ordinary and unusual specimens of culinary achievement. This dinner was to be the highlight of the first winter in the valley. Baked venison, headcheese, finale of the lone porker brought into the valley with the personal belongings; vinegar pie



Vernessa M. Nagle

IDAHO CABIN IN THE WILDERNESS

in tallow pie crust; steamed "Lumpy Dick," frozen potatoes with crackling gravy; home-bleached hominy grits, and cornbread constituted that well-planned menu.

Several beds had been spread down on the well-scrubbed floor, with the smaller children clambering for the feather tick. From nails conveniently pounded into wall logs, knitted stockings had been suspended, their grotesque contours suggesting the contents: popcorn balls, molasses taffy, hand-carved wooden toys, and rag-stuffed Punch and Judy dolls.

As the fire burned low, the contracting wall logs loomed ominously through the night as though to register the rapidly descending temperature without.

A lone coyote call hurtled across the frozen stillness and, reverberating, was picked up and mingled with discordant yelps and howls of an approaching band as they slunk across the frozen drifts of buckbrush-studded sand dunes. Father and Mother exchanged knowing glances, and the former looked hurriedly toward his rifle.

Then all was silent; the few gutted candles burned low. A dark shadow cast by the moon, stalling momentarily behind a low cloud, enveloped the valley for a brief second, then all was bright again. Stars flashed beacon-like across the sky. Far across the junipers one star stood out brighter than the rest. A new land, a new home, new friends, yet the same bright star looked down in benign benediction to light man's way.

Something Lacking

Frances Carter Yost

"HOW does that look?" Margaret Conway asked, as she fastened the sparkling star to the top of the Christmas tree.

"It doesn't look right," Joey, her seventeen-year-old son, said. "Something's lacking."

"It's wonderful!" Jamie, her seven-year-old son, replied. Jamie's little face was alight with Christmas expectation more this Christmas Eve than ever before.

"I said it doesn't look right. Something's lacking!" Joey repeated. His voice was packed with usurped authority.

"Please, boys, let's not disagree Christmas Eve." Margaret sighed. Even a Bethlehem star on the Christmas tree didn't suit Joey. It's hard rearing two sons without a father, Margaret thought. Then she stopped short, why she shouldn't even think such a thought. She wasn't rearing her sons without a father. They had the most wonderful father in the world, Major Joseph Conway of the United States Air Corps. He was doing his share of the rearing of his sons by remote control, right now from Japan, where he was stationed.

"Major Joseph Conway," Margaret said his name silently. *Major* to most people spelled rank and quality, but to Margaret it spelled *Lonely* with a capital letter. When she and Joe had made their wedding vows, oh, even before that, when they had been courting, they had planned a big family. A family of boys and girls, a half dozen of them. Two years after their marriage Joey had arrived. "A fine start," Joe had said. Then overseas duty, followed by war with Germany, had kept them apart. Joseph Conway had served in the European theater of war. Margaret could never understand why they called anything so hateful as war, a theater. As if they were playing a role on a stage. It was in the hateful European theater, that Joe had been shot down, and for more than a year his whereabouts had remained unknown. Then, after what seemed an eternity, Margaret had received word that he was a prisoner of war. Margaret could still shut her eyes and imagine the wakeful nights, knowing Joe was hungry, sick, and cold, and she could do nothing for him.

Even after Joe was able to come to the States, there followed years of convalescence in hospitals. Finally, that glorious day when he could come home! But, by then, Joey was eight years old, and had outgrown any brothers and sisters he might ever have.

But new hope was theirs, when two years later Margaret and Joe brought little Jamie from the hospital. It was then they rearranged their plans for a family. Joey would be the "big brother" to several little brothers and sisters near Jamie's own age. But here again their dreams were crushed for, following Jamie's birth, came her operation

which made the large family a dream not to be fulfilled.

Now here was Joey, a prince of a fellow of seventeen. His only fault was that he became so annoyed with everything Jamie said and did, just because he was too small to be the pal Joey needed. And here was Jamie, trying to grow up too soon, because of the hero worship he had for his older brother.

Yes, Margaret thought, Jamie is growing up much too soon. He won't even let himself be seven. Why, when Joey was seven he let me go with him to do his Christmas shopping, but would Jamie this year? Definitely not! Margaret recalled his very words: "Let me be big like Joey and go all by myself! I earned the money cutting the lawn and things, and I've saved it, so I'm big enough to spend it all by myself," Jamie had pleaded.

It was just like Jamie to have bought something for Joey which he would have liked for himself. Something that just wouldn't appeal to a seventeen-year-old. With Joey going through the stage of changing from boyhood to manhood, well, anything could happen! If Jamie had only let her go with him that day he had gone shopping . . . .

* * * * *

TO Jamie Conway, the entire city seemed like fairyland with the Christmas decorations. Big green wreaths hung on every light post, while strings of colored lights stretched across the streets, blinking their elf-like eyes in the daylight. Jamie was not aware of the coldness of the day, though passers-by turned up their collars against the icy snow flung by the wind. To Jamie, the world was wonderful, and he was big like Joey and doing his own shopping!

Jamie almost ran as he saw Santa Claus in the next block, standing on the sidewalk in his red, fur-trimmed suit. As Jamie came closer he could tell it was just a Santa Claus helper. You could tell a helper, because his beard was made of cotton, not real whiskers. This helper was shaking a bell, and over a charcoal fire, hung a big black kettle with a sign which read: "Help the poor to have Christmas."

Jamie was glad that he could read. He would never forget Miss Mason, the first grade teacher who had taught him to read. It was so handy to be able to read the signs when you shopped all alone. Jamie lingered and watched older people dropping money into the kettle. Jamie had lots of money, he could help the poor people have a good Christmas, too. He pulled a silver quarter from his pocket and listened to it jingle in the kettle. But he must hurry along now, and get his shopping done.

First, he would buy a present for Momie. He decided to look in the windows first, that would save time. Jamie couldn't ever remember giving Momie a present that she didn't like. Even with the homemade things he had made when he was little, she had hugged him close when he gave them to her. Why, even when he gave her the little perfume sachet he had made in school last year, she had thanked him over and over and she still kept the little sachet in her hanky box, though the perfume smell was all used out of it.

But this year he would buy some-

thing nice like Joey would buy. Jamie looked at the nightgowns in the window. Four dollars and ninety-eight cents. He felt the two silver dollars in his pocket and pennies for the tax, and walked on. Chocolates in the pretty boxes would make a nice gift, but Jamie remembered Momie was passing up candy these days. She said she wanted to be *trim* when Daddy came home, but Jamie liked Momie just the way she was.

Jamie looked at the earrings and necklace sets, and even the watches in the jewelry window, but when he looked at the price tags, he knew they were presents for Daddy to give her.

And then, there it was, just the right present for Momie. There was a little manicuring set, and it closed up like a tiny coin purse, which would fit in Momie's big purse. So often Momie was busy doing dishes and things, and didn't have time for her nails until they were on their way to church, and she would use her fingernail file while Joey drove the car. But Jamie had heard Momie say, "I've lost my file," and there was the cutest little file in this manicure set. And there was an orange stick, and even a tiny pair of trimming shears, and all of them fitted in the tiny, brown, purse-like case.

JAMIE'S heart stood still, if only the present didn't cost too much! He had two dollars, he could spend sixty-six cents on each person in his family. Jamie hardly dared look at the price tag on the little manicure set. Surely it would be more than sixty-six cents, but he crossed his fingers and hoped, as he pushed his nose flat on the windowpane.

Then, taking a long breath, he opened his eyes wide and looked at the price tag. One dollar and thirty-five cents. At first Jamie started to go on, but the manicure set was just the right present for Momie. He went into the store.

"I want to buy the little manicure set in the window." It was hard to speak out, but Jamie remembered how Joey would have said it. Jamie stood at the window and pointed to the manicure set, and the clerk walked right into the window, and picked it up, and came back to where Jamie stood waiting.

"It's the last one in the store," the clerk said.

"Oh, I'm glad," Jamie said, then swallowed, thinking of all the mothers who would be disappointed on Christmas not getting a little manicure set. "I'm glad there is one left for my Momie," Jamie explained.

"Shall I gift-wrap it?" the clerk asked, then added, "it's ten cents more."

Jamie hesitated. He would like to give Momie a present wrapped neatly, like Joey would, but he needed the ten cents. Anyway, Momie always made a fuss about the big hide and seek packages he fixed. "I'll wrap it," Jamie replied.

Then, pocketing the sixty-five cents change, and putting the little manicure set safely in his inner pocket, he left the store.

Daddy's present wasn't hard to figure out. He had planned all the time to send a box of stationery, the air-mail kind with thin paper.

It would be fun seeing all the letters coming back, and Momie would say: "Jamie, this is the very stationery you sent Daddy for Christmas!"

But the stationery cost sixty-five cents, and that was all the money he had. Jamie stood on one foot and then the other trying to figure out how to buy the stationery and still have money to buy Joey something. But when he thought of the candy and fruit cake mother had made to send, the bath robe and Joey's fountain pen for Daddy, Jamie just had to buy the stationery.

Jamie walked back into the store. "I'll take the stationery," he said and handed over the last of the Christmas money.

Jamie took the package and went from the store, but his heart was heavy. Somehow the Christmas decorations looked gaudy now to him. The colored lights stretching across the streets blinked freakishly at him in the daylight. Jamie just couldn't help thinking about the present he didn't have for Joey. He kept thinking of the quarter he had dropped in Santa Claus' black kettle for the poor. He didn't want his quarter back, he just wanted another one like it to buy something for Joey for Christmas!

If it were summer he could earn some more money cutting lawns, but it wasn't summer. If it would snow hard, he could make some money shoveling snow, but it wasn't snowing. Jamie scuffed the mud on the sidewalk.

And then all of a sudden he saw the sign. Jamie was glad that he could read. He thought again of Miss Mason, and how he was using reading for shopping. The sign said, "Merry Christmas, little children, Come in and get a balloon."

Jamie turned into the store. The balloons were all sizes and shapes, and their colors glittered and dazzled Jamie's eyes.

"What color do you want, Sonny?" the clerk asked.

Jamie stretched his neck looking at every single one, before he spotted the big blue one hanging from the ceiling.

"I want that big blue one." Jamie could hardly wait to hold it. He would like to walk down the street waving it behind him. And wouldn't Momie and Joey be surprised about the free balloon? But he couldn't tell them about it, at least not yet. What was the clerk saying?

"Do you want me to put a stick on it, to carry?" the clerk asked again.

"No, no, I want you to let the air out," Jamie explained. "You see it's for a present."

Jamie left the store with a good feeling inside his little heart. The whole city seemed like fairyland again. The big green wreaths hung fresh and green, with their red beads of holly, and the street lights blinked again like elves in the daylight. Everything was wonderful for Jamie, and this would be the happiest Christmas he had ever had. It was fun to be grownup and able to do your own shopping . . . .

* * * * *

MARGARET came to with a start. She had been thinking of Jamie and wondering what he had wrapped so bulkily in those two

packages he had placed under the tree. He had hesitated even to tell her what he had for Daddy Joe, but when she had explained that she had to declare at the post office everything in the box she shipped, he had shown her the air-mail stationery. But about her present and Joey's, he remained very secretive. It didn't matter what he gave her, she would love it. She remembered the little plaster of Paris print of his hand he had brought home from kindergarten, and how she had hung it in the bedroom, so she would see it first thing in the morning and last thing at night. She hoped he had used seventeen-year-old wisdom when he purchased Joey's present though.

"Well, boys, the tree is as pretty as any one we've ever had. Before we go to bed, Joey, let's get out the kodak and take some flashlight pictures of us all by the tree. But first, let's sing a Christmas song," Margaret said with enthusiasm.

"Let's sing *Jolly Old St. Nicholas*," Jamie warbled. "I like it best."

"Ah, that's kid's stuff," Joey replied with a sneer.

"How about *Silent Night?*" Margaret compromised. Even singing is a problem with different aged children, Margaret thought. She sat down at the piano, and the boys sat beside her on the bench. The piano was such a comfort to Margaret with Joe gone so much.

Her hands touched the familiar keys:

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm; all is bright
Round yon virgin mother and Child,
Holy Infant, so tender and mild.
Sleep in heavenly peace . . .
Sleep in heavenly peace . . . .

"Now, let's open the presents," Jamie said.

Margaret never remembered seeing Jamie so excited.

The custom of opening family presents on Christmas Eve had begun one of those first years that Joe had been in the Air Force. It helped to fill the empty hollow of Christmas Eve without him. Christmas morning wasn't too lonely, as there were all the Santa Claus surprises.

Another custom which had arisen in the Conway family was the drawing of straws to see whose presents were to be opened first. The one who got the longest straw had the presents he was giving opened last. The middle straw was second, and the short straw, the first.

"Joey, you fix the toothpicks," Jamie called excitedly, "and Momie and I will draw. I hope my presents are opened first."

MARGARET drew first, the boys both insisted. Her straw was the middle one. Jamie drew, getting the longest straw, and Joey was left with the shortest. Joey's presents were to be opened first.

Margaret hesitated to open her present from Joey, it was so beautifully wrapped. "Gift wrapped from Lothrop's," Margaret exclaimed. Carefully she slipped off the ribbons and turned back the gilt paper. There it was, a lovely nylon nightgown. "Oh, Joey, how beautiful!" She decided to express her thanks more fully later on, right now Jamie was opening his present

from Joey, and all eyes were upon him.

"Ah! Just what I wanted!" Jamie chuckled, holding up a glove and mit in miniature size. "Gee, thanks, Joey!"

It didn't take long for the boys to open Margaret's presents to them. They were blue striped pajamas which she had made herself. It was a tradition in the family to have new pajamas to wear to bed the eve of Christmas. Both boys took time out to go and undress and test the fit, which was perfect.

Jamie, in his excitement, brought his grotesquely wrapped packages to Joey and Margaret. "Here, Momie, you unwrap yours first," Jamie said.

Margaret's package from Jamie wasn't as big as Joey's. She came to the little brown something after only four different colors of wrapping paper. She opened it and laid it flat. "Why, Jamie, a cute little manicure set! Why, bless your little heart!" She reached over and drew his small pajama-clad body close to her. "I didn't think you were big enough to go shopping all alone, but this proves you are. Well, Joey, it's your turn to unwrap your present from Jamie." Margaret looked over at Joey.

Joey untied and unwrapped box after box, and Jamie stood by giggling with excitement. And then, finally, the old powder box Margaret had discarded turned up, and Joey broke the string and looked inside. He picked up the balloon, and looked for something else, but that was all there was in the box, just the balloon.

Margaret's heart faltered. She looked at Joey's expressionless face, and then at Jamie's wreathed in smiles. There was no doubt Jamie was pleased with the gift he had given. He was babbling something about spending all his money on Daddy and Momie and seeing a sign, "Merry Christmas, little children, come in and get a balloon." But when Jamie looked at Joey's face, and didn't see any smile, even Jamie realized the free balloon wasn't such a good idea.

STILL Joey's face registered neither joy nor sadness, just blank, blank thinking. Over and over in Margaret's mind ran part of the words of a poem, or was it an essay? "The gift without the giver is bare." But what about a gift without the receiver? Margaret wondered. Jamie had given his gift in good faith. The balloon was something Jamie himself would have enjoyed. He had made a priceless sacrifice in giving his present. If Joey could only look beyond a free balloon as a gift, and see the worth of the giving!

What was it Jesus had said, the widow with the mite had given more than all the others? Margaret found herself wishing Jamie had given her the balloon and the manicure set to Joey. If only she had known ahead, but it was too late now to connive any form of exchange.

Margaret breathed a prayer in the silence of the room, Dear Heavenly Father, don't let my boys hurt each other, just because they are ten years apart in age. The gift without the receiver is bare, then please,

Father, give my Joey an understanding heart.

Margaret looked at Joey, was that a sneer breaking out on his face? Was he going to laugh, or would the disappointed boy heart in him break down and cry? What was going through that half-boy, half-man, mind of his?

Margaret watched Joey sprawled on the floor in his new pajamas. She had never realized how very large Joey's hands were until he held that balloon between them and started blowing it up. Still his face was expressionless, and the silence was appalling. The balloon became larger and larger. Was he going to break the balloon, and with it, break the dreams Jamie had put into his mite of a present?

The balloon was so very large now! Would Joey ever stop blowing? At length Joey stopped, sized up the balloon, felt its perfect roundness, and tied the end securely and said: "Jamie, come here!"

Jamie, hungry for brother love, cuddled between Joey's sprawled legs on the rug, their blue striped pajamas blending as one.

Margaret's heart took up a slow beat as Joey started speaking.

"You know, Jamie, I told you and mother earlier this evening, there was something lacking when she hung that star on the top of the tree. Well, I know now what it is. The night Jesus was born, there was a big star, it shone, oh, even brighter than the big star at the top of our tree, but there was something else shining that night. There was a big blue moon behind that star. It was big and blue like this balloon you gave me."

Joey unfolded his length, and reaching easily to the topmost branch of the tree, he tied the balloon securely behind the shining star. Margaret knew as he came back and cuddled Jamie in his arms again, that even though her boys were ten years apart, they would never be lacking in brotherly love.

Blessed Among Women

Eleanor W. Schow

She loved to hear the mothers talk, and listened quietly;
Received their counsel and their praise in gentle piety.
They spoke of shoulders broad and strong, the clench of little fists,
Expansive chests and sturdy legs, the strength of little wrists.
They dreamed, as mothers ever dream of brighter days to dawn,
Of sheltered years for each who had a son to lean upon;
She loved their kindly mothering hearts, but longed to share the while
The healing in his little hands, the blessing of his smile.
She kept his vestments, all his things, in spotless purity.
The mothers marveled at her faith. Whence came her surety?
She thought of wonders still to be, of holy ones who cared,
And kept their sayings in her mind, too hallowed to be shared.
She learned by angel whisperings how God would guide her through,
And pondered secrets in her heart, that only Mary knew.

Tie Your Ideas With String

Sylvia Pezoldt

YOU say you are not very good at lettering, and yet you would like a poster for a party or some way to decorate a big package that is new and different. Try string!

Any size, from the fine cord that is used to tie parcels in stores, to the big, soft cotton variety used by most laundries will do. It is sold in variety stores and also in hardware and stationery stores, or it can be saved from parcels. It can be dyed, painted, dipped in glue, and have glitter sprinkled over it. When properly placed, it forms eye-catching decorative poster letters. It has other uses, too.

The poster board or large sheet of paper for your sign should have the letters sketched in. Script is very effective. One doesn't have to be a fine penman to be able to write in a big, flowing hand such words as *Welcome, Come, You Are Invited,* or a person's name. That is your guide.

Tempera paint, which is sold for show card writing and is soluble in water, can be used for the dye. Choose the desired color and mix with water in a can or similar receptacle. Better wear rubber gloves, as it works best to use your fingers to shape the letters. The string is lifted from the paint and placed upon the outlined words. Let it dry thoroughly, and it will stick to the poster almost as if it were glued.

If you wish to use glue, you can make the words with colored yarn, or with tinsel string, which is a favorite for Christmas packages. It is best to use very thin mucilage and soak the string in the glue. Follow the pencil outline, let it dry, and you have an unusual and effective poster.

A big package can be decorated handsomely by first wrapping the box in white paper and securing it smoothly with cellophane tape. Then write Merry Christmas, Happy Birthday, or the person's name in big script. Follow the outline with the dyed string, or glue fancy cord to the box, sprinkling with glitter while it is still wet. Star-shaped sequins will dot the i's, or fancy-shaped sequins can spot the box in hit-or-miss style.

Your imagination can make the decorated boxes as amusing and individual as you wish. A cowboy, cut from a magazine advertisement, can swing his lariat to form the name of the person for whom the gift is intended. A boat can be "tied" on the side of the paper by outlining the message in string with one end glued to a picture of a boat. A jumping rope can spell out a greeting with string. A swing can have two sides of colored string with the person's name for the seat. String smoke can arise from a chimney to send a greeting across the surface of a box or poster.

There are many ways to use colored cord, so give a thought to tying your ideas with string.

A Christmas Prayer

Grace Ingles Frost

O Prince of Peace! O Son of God!
On this your natal day
Before you we contritely kneel
And for your guidance pray.

There are so many need our care;
Like little wolf-affrighted lambs,
The children of this sin-scarred world
Extend imploring hands.

O touch our eyes that we may see,
Our ears that we may hear!
Make worldly dissonance decrease
As year succeedeth year!

O Son of God! O Prince of Peace!
Help us, your will to do . . .
Loving, giving all the way,
That we may be like you!

Amen.

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

General Secretary-Treasurer, Hulda Parker

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Lovell W. Smith

CENTRAL ATLANTIC STATES MISSION, NORTH CAROLINA EAST DISTRICT ACHIEVES 102 PER CENT IN THE BOOK OF MORMON READING ASSIGNMENT 1956-57

Front row, left to right: Eugenia S. Cochran, President; Hertha B. Child, First Counselor.

Back row, left to right: Katherine L. Bailey, Second Counselor; Elizabeth Shingleton, Secretary.

Lovell W. Smith, President, Central Atlantic States Mission Relief Society, reports: "The Relief Society sisters of the North Carolina East District obtained 102 per cent completion of The Book of Mormon reading assignment for the year 1956-57. This was accomplished through the use of posters, progress charts, constant correspondence, and personal visits to the seven branches in this district, which are scattered over an area of 160 miles. . . . This accomplishment is due to the efforts of the faithful sisters of the Dulah, Hampstead, Harkers Island, Jacksonville, Mount Zion, New Bern, and Wilmington Branches. These sisters have showed their desire to serve our Heavenly Father and to co-operate and follow instructions from those in authority through their participation in this reading assignment. . . . Also, out of the 176 Relief Society members in this district, 105 members were awarded diplomas for having completed the reading of the entire Book of Mormon over a six-year period."

Photograph submitted by Ella T. Lee

ST. JOSEPH STAKE (ARIZONA), GLOBE WARD VISITING TEACHERS ACHIEVE A ONE HUNDRED PER CENT RECORD FOR FOUR YEARS

Front row, seated, left to right: Martha Gillespie; Vinetta Dallas; Mary Self; Clara Pace, President, Globe Ward Relief Society; Margery Clark; Lucy Henderson; Bella Zufelt.

Second row, seated, left to right: Susie Wallace; Della White; Irene Besner; Susan Cluff; Ruby Eaton; Olis Youngman; Nellie Dixon; Orissa Winkler.

Third row, standing, left to right: May Banner, First Counselor; Blanch Smith; Neta Patterson; Gwen Machula; Blissie Lee; Dorothy Smith.

Back row, standing, left to right: Vera Larsen; Fay Zufelt; Margaret Gould; Joyce Knucky; Leah Ford; Florence Lewis, visiting teacher message leader; Evelyn Anderson, Secretary; Ethel Medlin; Lillian Rose; Opal Suomela, Second Counselor.

Ella T. Lee, Secretary, St. Joseph Stake Relief Society, reports that Globe is a mining town, and they feel that the Relief Society should be congratulated for the very fine achievement of their visiting teachers.

Lavona L. Hoopes is president of St. Joseph Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Margaret D. Stephenson

NEW YORK STAKE, MANHATTAN WARD RELIEF SOCIETY AT THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATER, STRATFORD, CONNECTICUT
July 13, 1957

Boy in foreground: Carlton Morrison.

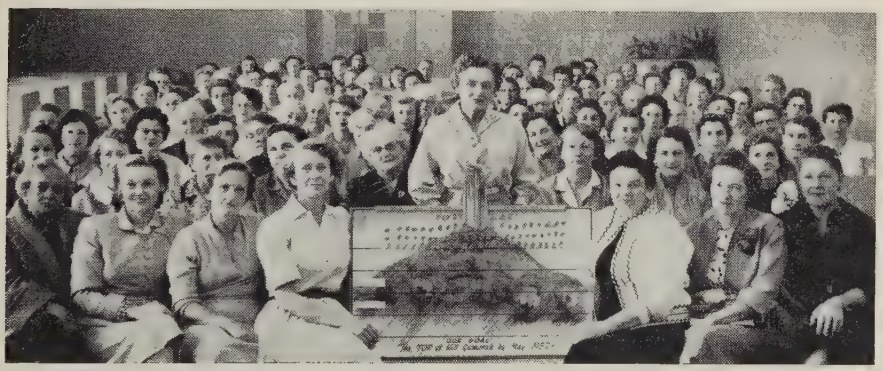
Front row, left to right: Mary Jean Freebairn; Weston Edwards; Lelia Seegmiller, President, Manhattan Ward Relief Society; Louise Shaffer; Barry Thompson; Peggy Heidt, Secretary, New York Stake Relief Society; David Seegmiller.

Second row, left to right: Norma Rhoda; Elena Torres; Wanda Carlson; Lois Brasch; Lael Littke; Golda Evans, Counselor, Manhattan Ward Relief Society; Mary Randall.

Third row, left to right: Mildred McBeth, Counselor, Manhattan Ward Relief Society; Beth Haws; Virginia Panessa; Irene Kearns; Lila Mae Dickson; Shirley Collins; Norma Roberts; Helen Thackeray, member, New York Stake Relief Society board; Josina Monson.

Fourth row, left to right: Max McBeth, member of the Manhattan Ward bishopric; Ingrid Schmitz; Caroline Dunn; Janet Bateman; Linnea Morrison; Mary Van der Peyl; Ann Cullimore; Margaret Stephenson, President, New York Stake Relief Society; Charlotte Zerker.

Sister Stephenson reports: "The photograph shows the Manhattan Ward Relief Society at the Shakespeare Memorial Theater in Stratford, Connecticut. Included are several members of the Priesthood who went along to enjoy a splendid performance of *Othello*. At other times during the season the various wards of the stake made excursions to the theater, some seeing *The Merchant of Venice* and others seeing *Othello*."



Photograph submitted by Thelma J. Nebeker

PASADENA STAKE (CALIFORNIA), EAST PASADENA WARD BOOK OF MORMON PROJECT

Thelma J. Nebeker, President, Pasadena Stake Relief Society, reports a communication from the East Pasadena Ward Relief Society: "A small, sweet-faced teacher took her place at the podium in the East Pasadena Ward chapel to deliver her last theology lesson of the Relief Society year. A group of 105 women had assembled to hear her. As the teacher faced them, she asked those who had read The Book of Mormon during the lesson year to come forward. Seventy-two women stood, and one by one filed forward to receive the special diploma and Book of Mormon Treasure Chest which she and her husband had prepared for them. That this feat was far more than a statistical achievement . . . was evident in the testimony meeting that followed. The increased spirituality of the group and the outpouring of personal testimony bore evidence to the strength . . . of The Book of Mormon in the lives of these many women who had just finished reading it.

"Sister Cotterell made her remarkable achievement as a teacher with the aid of a tremendous personal knowledge and command of her subject, with a beautiful spirit of inspired humility, and with some top-flight teaching devices. The device which may have been most instrumental in inspiring many women to systematically read The Book of Mormon was the assigning to each member of the class a number. After writing each number on a small piece of cardboard, she placed the number at the bottom of a picture of the Hill Cumorah. As each person reported her reading progress on the monthly roll, her number was shifted upwards towards the top of the hill."

Sister Louise S. Cotterell stands at the podium, with a representation of the Hill Cumorah in front of her.

LESSON DEPARTMENT

Theology—The Doctrine and Covenants

Lesson 6—Qualifications of Those Who Labor in the Ministry

Elder Roy W. Doxey

(Text: The Doctrine and Covenants, Sections 4 and 12)

For Tuesday, March 4, 1958

Objective: To show the importance of service and the qualities necessary in the lives of those who are called into the Lord's work.

SECTION 4 is the first revelation given through the Prophet to another person. Later many revelations in The Doctrine and Covenants were addressed to individuals. Some of these came in response to questions on the part of the persons concerned, or a problem existed which was clarified to Joseph Smith through revelation, as we shall see in subsequent lessons. From the Prophet's journal or history, it is not indicated that Section 4 came either at the request of his father Joseph Smith, Senior, or because of an existing problem. Verse 3 would suggest, however, that the Prophet's father had a desire to serve in the ministry.

In a study of The Doctrine and Covenants one should, insofar as possible, know the historical background and context of the revelations to interpret properly their contents. This means not only the environment or setting but oftentimes the person or persons to whom the revelation is directed. There are also other benefits derived from such an approach, such as a better acquaintanceship with the lives of some of the men who were called into the Lord's service in this dispensation.

The Prophet's Father

The first vision and the visit of Moroni were not beyond the belief of the good man, the Prophet's father. Joseph Smith, Senior, seemed to be of a believing heart. He was the first to receive the testimony of his son concerning the visits of the angel Moroni. Undoubtedly, the spirit of the Lord had prepared the way that Joseph Smith might have just such a friend and confidant as his father. After Joseph had been visited three times during the one night by the angel, he arose early to

work with his father in the field. This attempt to work was unsuccessful because of his exhausted condition. Upon leaving for the house, Joseph was visited by Moroni who again repeated the message of the night before. He was "commanded" to tell his father of the vision and message delivered by the angel. Upon doing so, his father said it was of God and that he should do as the angel directed him.

The Prophet's father died at the age of sixty-nine, just seventeen years after he counseled his son to do as the angel Moroni had commanded. During those years he became a member of the Church, and later he was ordained a Patriarch to the Church, an office that was to continue from father to son. In this way he would fulfill the promise that he would ". . . strengthen the church . . ." (D. & C. 23:5) which was his duty forever. It was the privilege of his son Joseph to see by vision his father in the celestial kingdom. (See *D. H. C.* II:380.) It may also be of interest to know that he is referred to in The Book of Mormon in connection with the name by which his son should be known as a descendant of the Joseph who was sold into Egypt. (See 2 Nephi 3:14-15.)

Use of Footnote References

Section 4 commences with a thought which appears in other revelations (Sections 6:1, 11:1, 12:1, 14:1). At this point in these lessons, a suggestion is offered in connection with the footnote references and their use. For instance the letter "a" by the word "marvelous" in verse 1 of Section 4 refers to the first of the series of scripture references at the bottom of the page, designated by "a." As one examines each of these references, he discovers (1) the word in the reference, or (2) a similar thought expressed. The frequent use of footnote references gives a better comprehension of the meaning of the work or the thought which the Lord wishes one to know in relation to that word or thought. One should keep in mind, however, that these footnote references may not always seem to apply. This is probably true in regard to the reference Section "38:12" of "a" which may be a typographical error.

A Marvelous Work

A dictionary definition of the word "marvelous" suggests that which causes wonder, astonishment, wonderful, exciting marvel. There is also associated with these words the idea of miracle.

Without referring to all of the footnote references, it should be noted that reference is made to Isaiah 29:14 where the Old Testament prophet foresaw the day when The Book of Mormon would be revealed to the world, and the Lord would perform a "marvelous work and a wonder." Certainly, we can understand that this ancient volume of scripture is a wonderful work as a part of the Lord's great work which was to be established on the earth in the last days. The Book of Mormon has also come to the world in a miraculous way which has created astonishment and wonder. The reference in Section 4:1 to ". . . a marvelous work . . ." which was ". . . about to come forth among the children of men," may refer to the coming forth of The Book of Mormon since it was to be pub-

lished soon, and especially the establishment of the kingdom of God with all of the keys of the Priesthood. There are other things associated with the marvelous work of the Lord in the latter days. We shall not attempt to point out all of these at this time, but only what is suggested by the footnote references under consideration. In the references Sections 95:4 and 101:95, it is made known that the Lord's "strange act" is to be brought to pass, ". . . that I [the Lord] may pour out my Spirit upon all flesh," and ". . . that men may discern between the righteous and the wicked. . . ." The marvelous work, or strange act, of the Lord in the last days we learn is also to convince many ". . . of their sins, that they may come unto repentance, and that they may come unto the kingdom of my Father" (D. & C. 18:44). The Book of Mormon does convince men of their sins and converts them by the Spirit of the Lord. Men learn that they must repent to receive the kingdom of the Father.

Wholehearted Service

With the Lord about to bring forth his wonderful work, it is enjoined upon each person who enters his service to ". . . see that ye serve him with all your heart, might, mind and strength, that ye may stand blameless before God at the last day" (D. & C. 4:2). In reference to this verse, this comment is given:

> Because the Lord was about to begin a marvelous work among the children of men, he needed servants who were willing to give themselves entirely to that work—"heart, might, mind, and strength"; that is, affections, will-power, reasoning faculty, and physical strength, all must be dedicated to the service of the Lord in this latter-day work (*Doctrine and Covenants Commentary*, 1950 edition, page 24).

Message to All Who Seek to Serve

Section 4 is primarily concerned with the qualifications of those who are to labor in the Lord's ministry. This would not only include Joseph Smith, Sen., but all who would seek to make a contribution to the building up of the kingdom of God upon the earth. To accomplish this work, it is necessary that they give of themselves in the manner suggested above. By the wholehearted service that one performs for others as an officer or teacher in the kingdom, he ". . . layeth up in store that he perisheth not, but bringeth salvation to his soul" (D. & C. 4:4). In what ways do you consider that your service in the Church has contributed to your journey on the way to salvation?

Responsibilities of the Church

The mission of the Church is to save men and women. For this purpose the Lord has established his work on the earth. In this process of saving, two of the great responsibilities resting upon the Church are the preaching of the gospel, and the perfecting of the lives of the members. In both of these purposes, the Lord has wisely established as a part of his Church organization opportunities for individual service.

In the accomplishment of the general objectives of the Church, every member may make a contribution. In fact, when one enters the Church he takes upon himself the obligation of building up the king-

dom of God (Church). When this covenant is entered into, the convert receives an opportunity which, if accepted, provides the means whereby he may work toward perfecting his own life.

Missionary Service

One of the most soul-satisfying experiences is to participate in advancing the Father's kingdom by performing missionary work. There are many opportunities to participate in this activity for those who qualify. Now that stake missionary work is available to the members of the Church, one need not serve in the foreign missions to receive the happiness of being a party to the conversion of souls. All members are under the obligation of living lives that will assist others to see the light of the gospel; but this is not all, the responsibility carries over into worthy action. It is service in the kingdom that brings salvation.

The Lord has provided our unusual missionary system in which men and women may receive the opportunity to serve in preaching the gospel. The Auxiliaries of the Church also provide many opportunities for service.

Service in the Auxiliaries

In this anniversary month of the Relief Society of the Church, it is appropriate to refer to this "the first and most important auxiliary organization of the Church," as an example of a service organization. In the great Welfare Program of the Church, we find the Relief Society making a tremendous contribution to those whom that program serves and also to the members of the Society in service opportunities.

The other Auxiliaries of the Church, or aids to the Priesthood, provide many activity opportunities for the officers and teachers and also the members who make up the organizations. Thus, the very organizational pattern of the Church is designed to further the salvation of man. Active participation in the Church keeps one spiritually alive. It is one of the factors which increases faith and keeps testimonies strong.

Some Revelations for All

When one becomes an active agent in the ministry of the Lord, what is expected of him? Revelations numbered 4 and 12 give an answer to this question. Although they are directed to individuals, the message is for all who seek to labor in the cause of Zion. The fact that both revelations are similar suggests this point, but in Section 12 one finds that the message is intended for all having the same desire:

> Now, as you have asked, behold, I say unto you, keep my commandments, and seek to bring forth and establish the cause of Zion.
>
> Behold, I speak unto you, and also to all those who have desires to bring forth and establish this work;
>
> And no one can assist in this work except he shall be humble and full of love, having faith, hope, and charity, being temperate in all things, whatsoever shall be entrusted to his care (D. & C. 12:6-8).

The revelation given to Joseph Smith, Sen., gives additional virtues to be expected of the true ministry of the Lord:

> And faith, hope, charity and love, with

an eye single to the glory of God, qualify him for the work.

Remember faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, brotherly kindness, godliness, charity, humility, diligence.

Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Amen (D. & C. 4:5-7).

Qualifications for the Ministry

A brief statement of definition and explanation of most of the virtues mentioned in these revelations may assist us to appreciate more fully the scope and truth of these qualifying requirements.

Faith in its broad sense is the principle that impels men to resolve and to act. It ". . . becomes to us the foundation of hope, from which spring our aspirations, ambitions, and confidences for the future. . . . Faith is the secret of ambition, the soul of heroism, the motive power of effort" (James E. Talmage, *Articles of Faith*, page 103). "The predominating sense in which the term faith is used throughout the scriptures is that of full confidence and trust in the being, purposes, and words of God" (*Ibid.*, page 96).

Hope—Desire, with expectation of obtaining what is desired, or belief that it is obtainable (Webster's Dictionary).

Read Moroni 7:40-43 for Mormon's teachings on *hope*.

Charity and love, with an eye single to the glory of God. ". . . charity is the pure love of Christ . . ." (Moroni 7:47). This love becomes a motivating power in the lives of those who have been "born again." It becomes the offering of the true followers of Christ in return for the love the Father and the Son have bestowed upon them through the atonement wrought by the Savior. It is manifested in a keeping of the commandments, one of which is the love of mankind.

Read Moroni 7:43-46, 48 on Mormon's teachings on faith, hope, and charity. (See also I Corinthians 13; Colossians 3:12-15.)

Virtue—Moral practice or action; moral excellence; rectitude; morality; also chastity (Webster's Dictionary).

Learn the will of God, keep his commandments and do his will, and you will be a virtuous person (*Discourses of Brigham Young*, page 300, 1925 edition).

. . . sincerity, "the mother of a noble family of virtues"; simplicity and purity, "the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. . . ."

Purity lies in the affection. It "unites with and enjoys God." It is the pure in heart that shall see God. No person of impure heart, though baptized a hundred times, can approach him (David O. McKay, *Gospel Ideals*, pp. 14, 15).

Knowledge—Familiarity from actual experience; practical skill, acquaintance with fact; hence, scope of information (Webster's Dictionary).

Add to your faith knowledge, etc. The principle of knowledge is the principle of salvation. This principle can be comprehended by the faithful and diligent; and every one that does not obtain knowledge sufficient to be saved will be condemned. The principle of salvation is given us through the knowledge of Jesus Christ (*Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 297).

(See also D. & C. 131:6; 130:18-19.)

Temperance — Moderation; self-

control; calmness (Webster's Dictionary).

The Saints should . . . avoid excesses and cease from sin, putting far from them "the lusts of men;" and in their amusements and pastimes adopt a course that looks to the spirit as well as the letter, the intention and not the act alone, the whole and not the part, which is the meaning of moderation. In this way their conduct will be reasonable and becoming, and they shall find no trouble in understanding the will of the Lord (Joseph F. Smith, *Gospel Doctrine*, page 300, Fourth Edition)

The best way to teach temperance is to keep the Word of Wisdom (*Ibid.*, page 301).

Patience — Quality of being able to bear or endure pains, trials, or the like, without complaint or with equanimity; forbearance (Webster's Dictionary).

Now we exhort you, brethren, warn them that are unruly, comfort the feebleminded, support the weak, be patient toward all men (1 Thess. 5:14).

(See also D. & C. 67:13; 101:38.)

Brotherly Kindness—Quality of being sympathetic, gracious, loving, affectionate (Webster's Dictionary).

Godliness — Purity in person and in morals is true godliness.

Humility — Humility is submission to the will of God. It is the opposite of pride and arrogance. (See also Mosiah 3:19.)

Diligence — Quality of being industrious; persevering effort; not careless or negligent (Webster's Dictionary). (See also D. & C. 107:99-100.)

Virtues to Seek; Vices From Which to Repent

The foregoing virtues are goals to which all Latter-day Saints should strive. The object of gospel understanding and teaching is to bring about perfection in the lives of the true followers of the Master. The Lord performs his work through imperfect people. He does expect, as indicated above, that they who seek eternal life will seek perfection. As a practical test for each member of the Church, we may have brought to our attention some of the things *from* which we should repent. It is suggested, therefore, that a list of each one of the virtues given in Sections 4 and 12 be made, with its accompanying antonym opposite the virtue. The opposite word, or antonym, is the vice from which we should repent. An example of this procedure is shown below:

VIRTUE	VICE
Faith	Doubt; unbelief
Charity	Selfishness, hatred
Knowledge	Ignorance
Patience	Irritability
Godliness	Irreverence
Diligence	Slothfulness; Negligence
Hope	Despair, discouragement
Chastity	Immorality
Temperance	Excess
Brotherly kindness	Cruelty
Humility	Pride; unteachableness

Questions for Discussion

1. What was the marvelous work which was about to come forth among the children of men?

2. Why would you believe that Sections 4 and 12, though addressed to individuals, were intended for others?

3. What are the two great responsibilities of the Church, and show how these Sections (4 and 12) emphasize these objectives?

4. In what way does the Relief Society provide opportunities for its members to serve?

5. Name the virtues mentioned in these two sections and tell their importance as qualifications for the ministry.

6. How do these two revelations help one to know wherein his life may be more perfect? Illustrate.

Visiting Teacher Messages—
Truths to Live By From The Doctrine and Covenants

Message 6—"Fear Not to Do Good, My Sons, for Whatsoever Ye Sow, That Shall Ye Also Reap; Therefore, If Ye Sow Good Ye Shall Also Reap Good for Your Reward" (D. & C. 6:33).

Christine H. Robinson

For Tuesday, March 4, 1958

Objective: To emphasize the fact that everything we do, our every word or deed, has its effect for good or evil, and we shall be blessed through our good acts.

ONE of the firm realities of life is that as we sow so shall we reap. This thought has been a central element of religious doctrine for thousands of years. It is found not only in modern revelation but in the teachings of both the Old and the New Testaments. For example, in Proverbs we read, ". . . to him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward" (Prov. 11:18). Paul, writing to the Galatians, said, "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" (Gal. 6:7).

A beautiful aspect of striving to do good is that in the process, we not only help others and perform useful service, but in so doing we increase our own ability to do more good. Step by step we tend to become that for which we are striving. One good act performed makes the next one that much easier. "For as he thinketh in his heart, so is he . . ." (Prov. 23:7). Thus we reap as we have sown.

The story is told of a little boy who, with his parents, moved into a house overlooking a deep ravine. One day, because of a reprimand, the little boy became very angry with his mother. In order to give vent to his feelings he ran to the edge of the ravine and shouted as loud as he could: "I hate you, I hate you." Almost immediately there came rumbling back at him an angry, hollow voice, "I hate you, I hate you."

The little boy was terrified and running back to his mother sobbed that there was a wicked man in the ravine who hated him and wanted to harm him. The wise mother took the little boy by the hand, and led him back to the ravine. Then in a tender, pleasant voice she called, "I love you, I love you." A kind, happy voice echoed back the

same sweet words she had spoken.

So it is in this life. Every good or evil deed we sow comes back to us in kind. We cannot wrong another without reaping an injury ourselves. And every good act we perform returns to bless us.

> . . . Every good deed done to others is a great force that starts an unending pulsation through time and eternity. We may not know it, we may never hear a word of gratitude or of recognition, but it will all come back to us in some form as naturally, as perfectly, as inevitably, as echo answers to sound. Perhaps not as we expect it . . . but sometime, somehow, somewhere, it comes back . . . (*The Power of Truth*, W. G. Jordan, page 39).

It is not only important to sow good deeds but kind words also have a reciprocal effect. As we sing in a well-known Latter-day Saint hymn, "Let us oft speak kind words to each other; kind words are sweet tones of the heart."

Ofttimes the most precious gift we can give to another is a word of sincere sympathy, love, and appreciation. Such words which express our gratitude to others spread cheer and encouragement. As wise Solomon said, "Pleasant words are as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul . . ." (Prov. 16:24). And in the words of our Savior:

> . . . every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.
>
> For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned (Mt. 12:36-37).

Let us then be conscious of our every thought, word, and deed, and:

> . . . not be weary in well doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not (Gal. 6:9).

Work Meeting—Living More Abundantly

(A Course Recommended for Use by Wards and Branches at Work Meeting)

Discussion 6—The Importance of Insurance

Elder William F. Edwards

For Tuesday, March 11, 1958

THIS lesson will include a brief general review of the more important types of insurance that all families should consider. The discussion leader should strive to motivate members to give adequate attention to insurance in their financial planning and to have sufficient general background that they will be able to talk with qualified insurance representatives.

Life Insurance

If every person could be certain of living in good health until sixty-five or seventy years of age, it would be possible to anticipate and prepare for the important things of life. The average man and wife working as a team, if given time, would be able to acquire a home and ultimately be free of debt, finance the education of their children, support the chil-

dren who might be called on missions, and accumulate savings to provide for the closing years of life.

But life itself is not that certain. Every responsible bread earner must recognize that there are some things in life that he must make more secure than life itself. This can be accomplished with life insurance. Every head of a family should carry sufficient life insurance to protect his minimum dreams, the minimum he desires to provide for his family. As circumstances permit, the amount of life insurance should be increased according to needs and desires.

Fire Insurance

Every home should be protected with fire insurance. This is not because of the likelihood of a fire, but the risk involved in case of a fire.

For most people, the cost of a home equals nearly a lifetime of saving. If the home were destroyed, it may be that there would not be sufficient working years left to acquire and pay for another. This would be a real tragedy. It is a risk you can't afford. Every effort should be made to avoid a fire and, in addition, it is wise to protect the investment with fire insurance. In some areas, other forms of insurance, such as earthquake and tornado insurance should be considered in the same way.

Automobile Insurance

The common ownership of an automobile, especially by the saints living in North America, and the constantly demonstrated risk of an accident make it essential for all automobile owners to carry some type of insurance protection. Never operate an automobile without insurance to at least protect you from possible damage to others. If the insurance is considered too expensive, then find a way of living without ownership of an automobile.

Hospital, Surgical, and Medical Insurance

Most families, especially those with young children, will find it advantageous to carry insurance for protection against the occasionally large hospital and surgical expenses associated with illness. These expenses are often so large that, unless covered by insurance, a sound financial program can be upset and life is exposed to financial emergencies that are discouraging and avoidable. The value of such insurance is becoming so well recognized that in increasing numbers employers are adopting group programs covering all of their workers.

Cost of Insurance

Insurance is expensive and many neglect needed protection for this reason, hoping, praying, or just gambling, that they will be spared. The circumstances of each family vary widely, and there appears to be only one sound rule. Determine the cost of the minimum protection needed for the family, and provide for this in the budget even at the expense of reducing the allotment for the basic essentials of food, clothing, and shelter. Regardless of how difficult the circumstances or how pressing the needs, it is easier to spend less on these essentials and pay insurance premiums than to be without in a time of emergency. Surely the mother, who usually stands to benefit most from insurance protection, should willingly

support the payment of insurance premiums.

Spiritual Insurance

The writer prays with all his heart that each discussion leader will catch the spirit and help the class members to understand the importance of maintaining in full force an insurance policy that will guarantee to each eternal life.

The Master came to this earth and gave his life that such a policy would be available. In the early revelations to the Prophet Joseph Smith, the plan was again made clear:

> And, if you keep my commandments and endure to the end you shall have eternal life, which gift is the greatest of all the gifts of God (D. & C. 14:7).

We are all in need of this protection. The greatest risk in life is that by partial or complete disobedience, we may lose the spirit and forfeit God's choicest blessings.

The premium to be paid for this policy is complete devotion to the principles, ordinances, and standards of the Church. The terms of the contract are definite.

> There is a law, irrevocably decreed in heaven before the foundations of this world, upon which all blessings are predicated—
>
> And when we obtain any blessing from God, it is by obedience to that law upon which it is predicated (D. & C. 130:20-21).
>
> I the Lord am bound when ye do what I say; but when ye do not what I say, ye have no promise (D. & C. 82:10).

There are no circumstances in life that make it necessary or wise to deviate from the gospel standards. Read Matthew 24, verses 3 through 13, where the Master tried to make this clear to his disciples. The Prophet Joseph Smith learned the lesson the hard way when he gave Martin Harris custody of certain manuscripts of The Book of Mormon. (Read Doctrine and Covenants 3, verses 1 through 8.)

We should each outline our noblest dreams and protect them with constant, proper living.

Supplementary Reference

"Dollars and Sense," by Charles V. Neal, a column appearing several times a week in *The Deseret News*. The author, a family financial counselor, gives advice on better living through better spending. Such subjects as purchasing clothing, food, and household equipment are discussed, and advice is given on budgeting the family income, insurance, borrowing, savings accounts, checking accounts, and other financial procedures, as well as practical suggestions on the general management of income.

Of Dreams

Enola Chamberlin

What can he know of dreams who dreams at morning
And sees his dream fulfilled before the dusk?
What can he know whose dreams mature aborning?
The autumn's corn within the springtime's husk.

What can he know who holds within his fingers
The shine of stars, the curve of heaven's blue?
Within whose heart no unattainment lingers;
What can he know whose every dream comes true?

Literature — Shakespeare in Our Lives

Lesson 14—King Lear

Elder Briant S. Jacobs

Text: *Shakespeare Major Plays and the Sonnets*, by G. B. Harrison, Harcourt, Brace & Company, 1948

For Tuesday, March 18, 1958

Objective: To rise above life's tangible trivia and conceits and feel about us the sustaining bonds of universal family love.

> Oh, sir, to willful men
> The injuries that they themselves procure
> Must be their schoolmasters. . . .
>
> II. 4. 305-307

> Who alone suffers suffers most i' the mind . . .
> But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip
> When grief hath mates, and bearing [grief hath]
> fellowship.
>
> III. 6. 111, 112-114

KING Lear is perpetual miracle; it contains everything. A literary diamond, it flashes more brilliantly with use, repaying the owner in kind —whatever the reader brings to the play, he receives back in legion, intensified and deepened. Thus, within reason, *King Lear* is all things to all men, containing almost too much of God's plenty, so great is its powerful recoil. It is a play to be suffered rather than read silently or talked about; once sounded, its accumulate blow penetrates clean through the surfaces of things, politics, intellect, to strike fully at the heart, the spirit. The most delicately constructed, the most complex in interrelationships, *King Lear* exhibits a clear correspondence between inner meaning and outward event or word. Hamlet *thought* his way into reality; Lear feels his, and his power is, therefore, greater over us. Many regard this "symphony of suffering" as the greatest "deep tragedy" ever written in English since it provides us most purgation within. Some of its scenes are so cruel, so pitiful, that we must strongly resist calling out to Shakespeare for mercy. Because many prefer to escape such terrors, and choose not to witness life being scraped so near the living bone, *King Lear* is not Shakespeare's most popular play; it is merely his greatest. In very deed *King Lear* is only for the strong-in-heart. But for those so defined, it is unique, magnificent, and, above all, true.

From its earliest known form as an early fable or chronicle to the present, this play has undergone many significant changes. The original *King Lear* is suffused with Christian virtues and faith in the hereafter; in Shakespeare's play Lear's only source of strength or weakness is himself, and the codes and imagery of wild beasts are more native to it than are the values of

any ordered, restrained culture. Surely because Shakespeare's version seemed too fierce and dismal, Nahum Tate rewrote it in 1681, and this version, which left out more than half of Shakespeare's lines, was the only one to be played on the English stage for the following 150 years.

Shakespeare sharpened the point of the original *King Lear* by condensing it, and by adding Lear's madness, the Fool, the storm, and an unhappy ending (in the original, Lear is restored to the throne and his beloved Cordelia lives). In doing this Shakespeare was entirely right, since his purpose is to give dramatic body to man's ceaseless warfare between good and evil within his own heart. By achieving this, Lear's intimate personal conflict became universal, enabling all who would know some phase of themselves more fully to find identity within Lear's tortured breast.

Shakespeare's play is rightly named *King Lear*, for within the evolution of the play a spoiled, self-righteous, tempestuous, and shallow *king* becomes a humble, compassionate, selfless, loving *man*. Othello is a general, Hamlet a prince, Macbeth a king, as are the subjects of all the histories, yet only Lear is honored with the royal title of *king*, which is also fair and just, so great is his own inner revelation and final self-discipline over the most malign of evils.

Plot

The carefully made plot is divided into two parallel patterns, one centering about King Lear, the other about the Duke of Gloucester. While these two strands compliment each other and intermesh, Gloucester's relationship with his sons best justifies itself by providing contrast with Lear's relationship with his daughters. Also it should be noted that while Gloucester withers from within, withdrawing under suffering (and attempting suicide), Lear pours forth his unbearable remorse and shame in torrents of passion. For him life is always to be faced and met. Through this release, plus gentle sympathy from his friends and Cordelia, he is temporarily restored to sanity before Cordelia's hanging and his own death so that, even though briefly, father and daughter were finally reconciled.

The Lear Plot: In ancient, Druidic England, proud, uncontrolled Lear promises to give his kingdom to the daughter who publicly proclaims the most love for him. Goneril and Regan gush sweet adjectives in their greed, but young Cordelia, in her integrity refuses to allow so intimate a truth to be flaunted for public hearing and says she loves him neither more nor less than the natural bond of daughter to father dictates.

Furious, he disinherits her, gives all his lands and powers to Goneril and Regan, with whom he plans to stay alternately a month at a time. Dowerless Cordelia marries the King of France. Goneril, then Regan, so insult and shame their spoiled father that in a rage he runs out into the open storm, refusing to debase himself before them. The two sisters care nothing for their husbands, quarrel over the rising, unscrupulous Edmund, and finally both meet death through their jealousy over

him. Cordelia comes from France to reinstate her father, but her forces are defeated, and she joins homeless Lear and restores him to sanity with her love. The two enjoy but a brief time together before she is hanged at Edmund's order, Lear enters with her body in his arms, and immediately dies himself, happy in knowing that at least one of his children loved him truly.

The Gloucester Plot: Pompous, self-satisfied Gloucester allows his illegitimate son Edmund to convince him that his brother, Edgar, seeks to usurp Gloucester's place, so honest, innocent Edgar is banished. When Cornwall, Regan's husband, gouges out Gloucester's eyes thinking he opposes his rule, Gloucester is cast out blind into the world. In disguise Edgar attends his father in his wanderings, protecting him from himself in his despair and attempted suicide. Edmund is accused of treason, he and his brother Edgar fight, and Edmund is mortally wounded. Before he dies he tries to do good "despite his nature" by countermanding his order to hang Cordelia, but it is too late. Gloucester recognizes the virtues of loyal, banished Edgar, but still he crawls off alone to die of a broken heart, and Edgar is left to guide the affairs of state.

Themes

1. *Nature's true laws always triumph*: To the illegitimate Edmund, Nature's law is that of cutthroat competition so familiar to us all:

> Thou, Nature, art my goddess, to thy law
> My services are bound. Wherefore should I
> Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
> The curiosity of nations to deprive me. . . .
> I. 2. 1-4

This passage expresses a feeling more easily understandable in someone conceived outside wedlock and, therefore, a lifelong outlaw. In Edmund, as in Goneril and Regan, Lear's daughters, we find pure evil, since they likewise define nature as that force which rewards their selfishness, greed, cruelty, and ingratitude. In these and other hearts we see illustration of Shakespeare's great conviction that, if the most common and powerful human flaws—fear, pride, anger, ambition—are allowed to run loose, they *always* destroy the humans dominated by them. "Lechery eats itself." Conversely "Nature's" great law that "he who loses his heart shall find it" is seen in the Fool, Edgar, Kent, Cordelia, and in Lear himself. Finally all these achieve selfless compassion and forgiveness. Through his suffering Lear finds a new identity with "naked, unaccommodated" man, now become a fellow creature, in contrast to the selfish trivia of his former court status. Thus can mankind achieve salvation from brute force and animal passion, both of which produce human chaos.

2. *Man is not saved alone*: Edmund and Cornwall are lone wolves, Goneril and Regan lone vixens, and Gloucester and Lear are at the play's beginning alone in their irresponsibility and pompous self-concern. Gloucester is led to true self-realization only when Edgar, whom he foolishly mistrusted and disinherited, attends his father in loyal love when he is outcast, just as Kent, the Fool, and Cordelia grant Lear unqualified forgiveness and suffer with him, sharing his unbearable griefs until they help him regain sanity.

3. *Mankind becomes one in its bare, common humanity*: Once Lear no longer succumbs to his lifelong habit of self-pity, he experiences for himself in the storm and hovel what it is that hurts the poor creatures of earth, and he sympathetically defines both himself and his fellows as "poor, bare, forked animals." Once this great step is achieved, he distrusts the pomp, the shallow display, and the supreme concern with surface appearance which so preoccupy the wealthy, powerful classes of society. Now the renewed Lear would return to sustaining Nature, where gaudy adornment is unknown and clothes are used to keep man warm:

If only to go warm were gorgeous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st,
Which scarcely keeps thee warm . . . .
II. 4. 271-273

Now the rejuvenated Lear confesses how men separate themselves by worshiping false gods:

. . . Plate sin with gold
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw does pierce it.
IV. 6. 169-171

Cordelia returns to her outcast father only because she loves him, Lear realizing this in his true ecstasy defines the true tie that binds, in contrast to the pomp and circumstance he once worshipped. All he asks now is to be with his Cordelia, bonded together in love.

. . . Come, let's away to prison.
We two alone will sing like birds i' the cage.
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down
And ask of thee forgiveness. So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news. And we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins, who's in, who's out,
And take upon's the mystery of things
As if we were God's spies. And we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sects of great ones
That ebb and flow by the moon.
V. 3. 8-19

How sweet is this return to "Natural" goodness, in contrast to being embroiled within a group which holds itself superior to mankind as a whole.

4. *Reciprocal respect and love between the old generation and the new best bridge the natural gap between them.*

5. *Often inner blindness ends when physical blindness begins.* Until his eyes are gouged out, Gloucester has been blinded by his own impulses, to which he yielded in begetting Edmund, and bragging of his achievement later. But, once his eyes are gone, he replies to one who finds him lost—lost both in the physical world and in steering his moral course:

I have no way and therefore want no eyes.
I stumbled when I saw . . . .
IV. 1. 20-21

This reversal of unquestioned, surface truth is couched in wise words, first from a Fool:

. . . All that follow their noses are led by their eyes but [they are] blind men. . . .
II. 4. 69-70

and next from mad Lear, whose madness nonetheless reveals subconscious truth as he speaks to blinded Gloucester:

Lear. Oh ho, are you there with me? No eyes in your head, nor no money in your purse? Yet you see how this world goes.

Glo. I see it feelingly.

Lear. What, art mad? A man may see how this world goes with no eyes. Look with thine ears. See how yond Justice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark, in thine ear. Change places and, handy-dandy, which is the Justice, which is the thief?

IV. 6. 148-158

Wise, knowing, Edgar reminds his illegitimate brother how much father and son have in common: that Gloucester's blindness in begetting Edmund was the blind force upon his eyes when he still had sight:

The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us.
The dark and vicious place where thee he got [begot]
Cost him his eyes.

V. 3. 170-173

Perhaps the main strands of the play might be brought together in one thematic statement: *King Lear* tells the tragedy of two old men who were blinded by selfishness and pleasure while they had eyes and sanity, but who, through suffering, came to know inner sight and truth.

Great Scenes

In many ways Act I, Scene I, might justly be described as the climax of the play; all that follows is passion and unfolding. Excerpts from this judging scene might profitably be read aloud, that the contrast between Goneril's and Regan's artificial praise and Cordelia's genuine statement of affection might be felt. It should also be pointed out that various phases of Lear's own character and emotions are mirrored exactly in his daughters, and that the love of display and praise, as seen in the two elder sisters, as opposed to the integrity and love of truth of Cordelia, are values firmly grounded within their common father; therefore, if in this scene as throughout the play, they sin or achieve, they are true to their heredity and follow his precept.

Storm on the Heath

Few scenes in literature contain greater power than Lear's tumultuous inner release of his broken heart and bewilderment as he wanders forlornly against wind and thunder, as spoken in Act III, Scene 2. Here the correspondence between the inner soul and the outer tempest is wellnigh perfect. But Lear's bursting madness leaps the bounds of his own tortured self beyond the immediate scene, to symbolize a universal expression.

(Enter Lear and Fool)

Lear. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the [weather] cocks!
You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Smite flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's molds, all germens [seeds] spill at once
That make ingrateful man! . . .
Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! Spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness.

I never gave you kingdom, called you children,
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure. Here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man. . . .
More sinned against than sinning.
III. 2. 1-9, 14-20, 60

Rarely has human suffering achieved such majestic tumult as this.

Shakespeare injects a short scene at Gloucester's castle, after which he returns us before a hovel where Lear, supported by his loyal Kent and the Fool, is now less concerned with the visible storm, but looks within himself and confesses to a habitual indifference for those fellow-humans who, naked and alone, have endured like buffetings without ever having received Lear's sympathy for them.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Prithee, go in thyself, seek thine own ease. [Now first he considers others]
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.
[To the Fool] In, boy, go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep. [Fool goes in]
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? Oh, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp.
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

Reproduced by Permission of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre Stratford-Upon-Avon, England
Photograph by Angus McBean

JOHN GIELGUD AS KING LEAR AND ALAN BADEL AS THE FOOL

That thou mayst shake the superflux [superfluities] to them
And show the Heavens more just.
III. 4. 22-36

Here for the first time in his selfish life, Lear's own inner tempest has jarred him until he can perceive reality, both within his own blood relationships and his relationship to all mankind. By thus losing himself in "common" human suffering, he triumphs over his own.

Father and Son at Dover

Turned out to "smell his way to Dover," blind Gloucester seeks the

top of the towering chalk cliffs, from which he hopes to jump and end his wretched life. His only guide is a concerned peasant, really his banished son in disguise. In one of the most magical passages in the play Edgar creates an irresistible word-picture of the cliffs as they look down on tiny, moving fisherfolk far below, helps his father jump from the cliff (supposedly), then picks his father up to convince him of his miraculous survival from the fall. On the stage this is awkwardly performed (though surely in the Elizabethan theater Gloucester jumped from the balcony to the stage). This scene, Act IV, scene VI to line 80, can well be read aloud; its verbal, pictorial power sustains it fully.

Forgiveness and Reconciliation

Cordelia has returned at the head of the French army to restore her father to kingly status, but most of all to find him and repay his impetuous banishment of her with her unqualified love. Lear, maddened and debilitated, sleeps in a tent, surrounded by French gentlemen and attended by a doctor. Soft music plays as Cordelia speaks her gratitude to Kent for standing by her father; then, after she expresses concern for his illness, Lear speaks:

Lear. Pray do not mock me.
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more nor less,
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man,
Yet I am doubtful, for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments, nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. Do not laugh at me,
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray weep not.
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me, for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong.
You have some cause, they have not.
Cor. No cause, no cause.
Lear. Am I in France?
Kent. In your own kingdom, sir.
Lear. Do not abuse me.
Doct. Be comforted, good madam. The great rage
You see, is killed in him. . . .
IV. 7. 59-79

Once these lines are sounded, slowly and in sympathy, they make their own way. If Shakespeare is sublimity, these lines are most moving and sublime, and Cordelia's "no cause, no cause," is one of the purest statements of universal forgiveness in our heritage. Surely after such tender communion, both are ready for death. And soon it comes. Yet none live into immortality more certainly than they.

Thoughts for Discussion

1. Do you feel Shakespeare was justified in naming this play *King Lear*? Why so?
2. Discuss universal qualities revealed in Lear's self-discovery.
3. Compare Gloucester's and Lear's reactions to adversity.
4. What do you consider the source of Cordelia's greatness?

Social Science — Latter-day Saint Family Life

Lesson 12—Families Have Members

Elder John Farr Larson

For Tuesday, March 25, 1958

Objective: To show how the family unit meets the needs of the various family members.

AS they share both privileges and responsibilities, family members develop love, respect, and understanding of one another. A spirit of unity comes from playing, eating, working, and worshiping together, from the sacrifices and sorrows shared. The home gives each family member a sense of belonging, a feeling of security, of love, and opportunities for growth regardless of age. We cannot fully understand the power of its influence, however, nor what the home really means to an individual without first appreciating his specific situation. Even though family members may all have common basic needs and be affected by similar influences, still, each is an individual, and what the family is to one it is not to another. Let us look at the family successively through the eyes of the husband and father, the wife and mother, the child as he grows from infancy to adulthood, and through the eyes of grandparents. What does each expect of the family? What does each contribute? How are their various needs met?

Husband and Father

To the Latter-day Saint husband, marriage is a declaration of faith in the future. It is a recognition of his belief that he is ready to face the world and capable of assuming the leadership of a family. It is his assertion that he has achieved the full stature of manhood and is anxious to prove that he is prepared to cope with life's adult problems. When he marries, a whole new set of responsibilities and relationships ensue. His sweetheart is now his wife, but his sweetheart still. He becomes the head of this union, with new responsibility for decision, which he shares with his wife, and they move forward as one. New happiness is found as they build together.

By law and custom the husband assumes the responsibility for support, for providing the material things needed to maintain the home. His diligence stems from a strong desire to give his family every opportunity and advantage possible. He is proud of his wife for her capabilities, for the little things which she does for him, for her understanding, for her inner worth, and for her devotion as a partner. He enjoys the security and love of this new-found relationship and looks forward to the children who will bless the home.

As his family responsibilities increase and he sees his children grow and develop, he too, grows in wisdom and maturity. He acquires a

greater capacity for love, tolerance, and understanding. Within the heart of every father there is a desire to see his children achieve. If he holds the Holy Priesthood, he wants his family to improve and progress temporally and spiritually. His desire is voiced in the words of Joshua:

> . . . choose you this day whom ye will serve . . . as for me and my house, we will serve the Lord (Joshua 24:15).

To his family, he stands as a pillar of strength, a symbol of security, honor, integrity, dependability, and constant devotion. In return, an honorable family and a stable home life give desired status to him in his profession, business, community life, Church assignments, or social contacts.

The father who overhears his son volunteer, "My dad can lick any dad in the neighborhood" may not choose to accept the challenge, but he swells with pride at the thought that he represents to that boy the peak of perfection in all things. Such loyalty is one measure of his success as a father. The little girl who expressed in a song: "Oh, if Mother hadn't married Daddy, Daddy might have married me," was also trying to say that her father was her choice of all manhood.

Fortunately, what a husband and father wants for his family, once achieved, or partially so, are the very things from which he derives his greatest pleasure. Only God could devise such a satisfactory reciprocal arrangement. It serves to emphasize the need each of us has for other family members. A father's reward for his devotion as head of his family is to see his efforts bear fruit in the lives of his children.

> My son, keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother:
>
> Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.
>
> When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee (Prov. 6:20-22).

Too often family members fail to express outwardly their appreciation for a father's contributions to the home. Though a busy man, he, too, has needs, and he looks to his home for deference, love, affection, loyalty, voiced appreciation, and small gestures which indicate he is well liked. He thrives on the feeling of fellowship which comes from surprises planned by his family for his pleasure and delight.

Wife and Mother

The Latter-day Saint woman who marries also looks to the future with faith and aspirations. If she has been properly prepared for marriage, she has selected her husband wisely. She honors his Priesthood and accepts him as the head of the home. Her children, each of whom she regards as a blessing, have crowned her with the sacred blessings of motherhood. Like all great blessings, motherhood carries great obligations. The present fulfillment of these obligations is the real motherhood. She accepts responsibility to see that her children are well fed, to keep them clean, to minister to their wants, to relieve their discomfort, to safeguard their health, to listen to their problems sympathetically, and to contribute to their social, intellectual, and spiritual training and development. She constantly sacrifices for her children spontaneously and without fanfare.

It is the mother, largely, who creates the atmosphere of the home. She is uniquely prepared to provide emotional security for her husband and children. Somehow the warm love of a mother for her child compels the child to achieve in a manner he knows will please her. The mother who knows of the potentialities of this relationship will labor hard to point the proper way and will be gratified with the results. She will observe the effect of her love, the result of her teaching, the power of her example; and her heart will come to the knowledge that hers is an opportunity to mold her child in the image of God. Though she gives much, she receives more. Her most satisfying compensation is found in the love and appreciation of her children, and the devotion of her husband.

If a mother serves her family as the Lord intended, she will be entitled to the inspiration and guidance of her Heavenly Father. Her children bless her with a feeling of accomplishment as they walk in her footsteps, for they represent the consummation of all her dreams. A home and family bring to a mother her greatest contentment.

Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies.

The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her. . . .

She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life. . . .

Strength and honor are her clothing. . . .

She openeth her mouth with wisdom; and in her tongue is the law of kindness.

She looketh well to the ways of her household. . . .

Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her. . . .

Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands; and let her own works praise her in the gates (Prov. 31:10-12, 25-31).

The Child Grows

The birth of a child, after months of preparation by his parents, heralds the greatest of earthly joys. Spirituality seldom reaches greater heights. Kindness, tenderness, concern, love, and faith are never more finely expressed. Birth is the union of a spirit child, born of God, eternal in nature, with a physical body born of earthly parents. Every child brings a sacred responsibility to the mother and father alike. The mother is anxious that her child be "perfect" in every respect and that she will measure up to her responsibilities in making him so. The father's major concern is that the newborn baby and his mother are surrounded with every comfort, safeguard, and protection. One baby daughter, with the help of her mother, wrote the following message to her father to express gratitude for his concern over them:

Mother and I would like to thank you for the beautiful flowers and for the many kindnesses with which you have showered us while we've been getting "adjusted." It surely is wonderful to open your eyes in a new world and find that you have the best father in it! Imagine what a break! I can tell you it's "Love at first sight" for me! No wonder mother picked you.

The newborn child is sweet and innocent, but has power to pull tenderness from the heart and a response to his every movement and sound. He has only a fuzzy idea about the family. He experiences feeling rather than comprehension. By his cries and smiles, those who care for him can see, hear, and feel

his pleasure or displeasure. If his needs are met, he, somehow, manages a smile or a relaxed nap, and he is said to be a good baby. While his physiological needs are important, the "feeling" of those about him, which he senses, does more to fix his course in life than anything else. If he is not fed properly and regularly, if his discomfort is not alleviated, and if love is absent, the feeling for others which he thus obtains may prove disastrous to him in future years.

Every child should be recognized as the child of God, which he is, from the moment of his birth, and accorded the dignity due one of that standing. He somehow knows if people do or do not care for him, and thus feels secure or uncertain of the trust he can place in others. It is the atmosphere of the home where all children develop feelings about people and situations. Because of this, parents should regard the molding of a life as a rare privilege. It is in the family where a child first learns anger, love, fear, and other emotional responses. Parents will want to help their child cultivate desirable characteristics and will try to avoid situations which might instill fear, anger, and other less desirable traits.

As a child grows, he gradually leaves the complete protectiveness of his family. He learns to walk, talk, inspect, and explore, and, thereafter, never stops. Somewhere in his preschool life is born a desire for new experiences and friends outside his home, yet he is fearful of getting beyond the protection of home. He figuratively starts with a shy peek out the door. He soon learns he is an individual and sometimes asserts the fact with an arbitrary "no" much to the surprise of his parents. He is particularly sensitive to the attitude of his parents who can help best through an understanding love to which he can securely tie.

As the child reaches *middle childhood* he continues to be dependent upon his parents, but his desire to be recognized as an independent individual increases. Sometimes this desire causes him to assert himself by defiance. Parents need to recognize such behavior for what it is, i. e., a declaration that "I am a person." Understanding parents will not resist this but will ingeniously provide experiences by which he can assert that he *is* a person. Children of this age need to continue in the participation of the family group, but they also need to achieve recognition and a sense of belonging with other children of their own age group.

The *pre-adolescent* strives hard for group approval. He wants to belong so strongly he acts, dresses, and combs his hair like his pals. Children of this age progress well in reasoning and the acquisition of such characteristics as tolerance, sympathy, and affection for others. They have a good sense of justice, fairness, and truth. Their desire for more recognition from their friends, and less from adults, helps them in their quest for personal recognition. During this period and the adolescense which follows, the home should surround children with a variety of wholesome recreational and creative interests to give proper balance to their development, to serve as an excellent outlet for their energies, as a port of welcome to associates, and to give constructive

direction to their emotions and talents.

The *adolescent* child is sensitive to what others think, do, and say. His physical growth is often perplexing to him. He becomes conscious of the opposite sex. He is inclined to be moody, often shifting abruptly from the heights to the depths. He likes to exaggerate. He is a mature adult and an inexperienced child all rolled into one. His parents are alternately proud and perplexed as he shows his maturity only to be followed by the behavior of a little boy. He strives vainly to convince all of his standing as an adult, and when we are almost convinced, he returns to his childish ways.

Parental love, expressed by limitations, is often regarded by the adolescent as a lack of love or trust. Parental skill and understanding at this time are given the supreme test. He basks in the "glory" of being recognized as an adult. If treated as a child he may quickly throw a tantrum, withdraw, or become irresponsible. At this stage his emotional disturbances often result in delinquent behavior which is basically a reflection of what the child has received from his parents and society. This stage can be smoother if the parent-child relationships in the preceding years have been close and effective. Actually, parents will emerge from the crucial experience much wiser than anticipated, having learned much more than they have taught.

As the child approaches *young adulthood*, it is important for parents to build up his faith in society and in its democratic and spiritual ideals. He should be taught the significance of his contribution to society, the importance of sound planning for the future in preparing to assume adulthood. He should understand the purpose of his earthly probation and be given a sound sense of confidence in fulfilling it. He needs guidance in selecting his profession or vocation. He needs help in making educational decisions, and encouragement in the attainment of educational goals. He can be greatly aided in social adjustments, and in developing mature conduct patterns.

> When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understand as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things (I Cor. 13:11).

He needs assistance in choosing a mate and in planning his own family life. This is not to say that when a child approaches adulthood, we suddenly start to teach him how to assume his intended role. Actually, the best guarantee of a strong family life in the next generation is a strong family life now, for the attitude of the child towards family life is largely created from what he absorbs from the family in which he grows.

Certainly the home should instill into this age the truism that if he gives to the world the best he has, the best will come back to him. He should leave the home determined to surpass mediocrity in whatever vocation he chooses. "Good, better, best; Never let it rest until the good is better, and the better best."

Grandfather and Grandmother

The family is not complete without grandfather and grandmother. They, too, are individuals with needs and desires not unlike the rest of us. These oldest of family mem-

bers are faced with distinctly new problems. The ingenuity of man has lengthened their years with empty days. Socio-economic factors have tended to remove them from the family setting. Industry has said they are not really needed at a time when they are the wisest. Physiological factors, such as the inability to recuperate from stress, slowness of step, and dimming eyes, have a tendency to discourage. However, a special kind of wisdom, tolerance, love, and steadiness, forged from the experience of years, is possessed only by grandparents. There is no influence to compare with that possessed by one who has been seasoned by living the gospel pattern for a period of many years.

The warmth of a grandmother's smile and the adventure of a grandfather's story mean worlds to a child. Grandparents, likewise, are fully absorbed by their grandchildren. The distance of two generations is magnetically spanned by this mutual admiration society.

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Now when people stay young longer, the concern for young grandparents is how to be helpful but not interfere with the families of their children. The Biblical injunction, "Therefore shall a man leave his father and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife: and they shall be one flesh" (Gen. 2:24) indicates the pattern to be observed.

As we approach the later years, we need the security derived from a sense of belonging and recognition of our worth as individuals. The gospel plan gives status to accomplishment, and the path of perfection, having no place for idleness, gives direction to life to the very end.

Activity for All Within the Gospel Plan

There is no substitute for the family. In no other way can the needs of family members be met. Other social institutions, such as the Church and school, contribute much, and indeed are essential to the fuller development, but neither can replace the home. Each should be regarded as a resource to enrich our lives. Within the Church lies an over-all philosophy and a program of activities to meet various needs of all family members, of whatever age. These resources and others should be generously called upon to aid in personal development, but the qualities of growth and greatness spring from the home, where each member contributes and likewise receives, where love and understanding and opportunities are found.

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Harris, *National Parent-Teacher*, June 1957, page 7.

Questions for Discussion

1. Discuss how the Latter-day Saint family and home can meet the needs of the following age groups: (a) infant; (b) growing child; (c) adolescent boy; (d) adolescent girl; (e) young adult; (f) parent; and (g) grandparent.

2. How does the Church assist the home in satisfying these needs?

Shepherd Lad

Rose T. Graham

I piled the wood — kindled the fire,
Watched the flames leap high and higher.
Then stretched me out on the ground
to sing
And tune my golden lyre.
As flames bowed low and coals grew red,
I slumbered on my outdoor bed.

Upon a Holy Night

Iris W. Schow

Upon a holy night,
Beneath God's holy sky,
Feet race, completing errands,
And purpose lights each eye.

Soon comes the joyous dawn
When, since the long ago,
Our gifts have been the loveliest
That hearts and hands bestow.

For each who gives of self
The Christmas truth has found;
Again the great star showers its beams,
The angel's words resound.

Birthday Congratulations

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Los Angeles, California

Ninety-three

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Salt Lake City, Utah

Mrs. Selena V. Kelsey
Springville, Utah

Mrs. Carrie A. Niccolls
Phoenix, Arizona

Mrs. Alice Vernon Maynard
Anderson, Indiana

Ninety-two

Emily Frances Cooley Wells
Huntington, Utah

Ninety-one

Mrs. Effie Willey Holt
Burley, Idaho

Mrs. Minnie Watts Cummins
Salt Lake City, Utah

Ninety

Mrs. Clara Burns Doman
Bountiful, Utah

Mrs. Elizabeth Shaw
Los Angeles, California

Mrs. Annie M. Roberts Smith
Salt Lake City, Utah

Quick Christmas Ideas

Elizabeth Williamson

A pot of herbs (chives, oregano, parsley, or thyme). Dress the pot up with silver kitchen foil and add a green bow.

Put popped corn and baby rick-rack in red and green on a big fir cone to make a miniature Christmas tree for the table.

NEW ZEALAND

Temple Dedication Tour sails from San Francisco on the fabulous Mariposa April 2, 1958.

Note: You will be delighted to know that Mrs. Matthew Cowley, who lived in and traveled throughout the South Pacific during the years her husband, the late Matthew Cowley, presided over that mission, will conduct this tour.

EUROPE

The definite date for the dedication of the temple in England is not yet known, but we shall have tours to Europe in June, July, and August of 1958.

For further information write or phone:

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From Near and Far

I wish to express my gratitude for all who make up our wonderful *Magazine*. At our opening social this year we featured the *Magazine*. Among other things, a friend of Frances Yost gave us the intimate side of her life, then a story by Mrs. Yost was retold. Now, when we see a story by this author, it seems so personal that we doubly enjoy it. May she write many more!

—Josie P. Condie, President
16th Ward Relief Society
Pocatello, Idaho

"Pine Nutting," by Alice R. Rich, in the October issue of the *Magazine*, brought tears of nostalgia to me. The setting for Sister Rich's reminiscing is the place of my birth. I'll go home for a day to my parents' house in New Harmony, some time this month, as I do every month or two. Much has changed since Sister Rich gathered pine nuts there, but many things remain the same — the fall beauty, the pine nuts, the vermillion cliffs, and the love and security she spoke of — may still be found. Thank you for bringing us these fine articles and stories of our heritage.

—Marguerite N. Mecham
Milford, Utah

I am a Long Beach, California, widow over here in Wiesbaden visiting my son and family in the service. I have been over here a year and have had *The Relief Society Magazine* come to me every month. I do appreciate the *Magazine*. I read it from cover to cover and am passing it on to other sisters. . . . It is a wonderful experience to know that the young mothers in the Church are so faithful. . . . It is a privilege to hear their testimonies and listen to the brilliant way in which they conduct the Relief Society lessons. . . . I assure you we have no fear for the future, if all the sisters in the Church are as faithful as they are here in Wiesbaden—almost one hundred per cent.

—Estella D. Jones
Wiesbaden, Germany

I enjoy *The Relief Society Magazine* very much. It has a lot of good reading in it for every member of the family. I like the "Near and Far" page — reading what each sister has to say. I was very much interested in the article on the Southwest Indian Mission (in the October *Magazine*), as we have a son who labored in that mission. . . . I was pleased to see my mother's sister's name in the August *Magazine* — Annie Katherine Erickson Benson. She is ninety-one years old. I like the article "When Mother Made Butter" by Mae R. Winters in the July issue. I could see again our home and mother churning butter, and I would have a drink of the good buttermilk.

—Mrs. Katie Gittins
Lewiston, Utah

On behalf of the Welsh members of the Merthyr Tydfil Branch, let me thank you for such a fine *Magazine*. I pass my *Magazine* on to my friends who are not in our Church, and they really enjoy reading about the sisters of our Church. Out here, we are few, but gain a better testimony every time we read this *Magazine*. Even the brothers read the *Magazine*, it is so interesting.

—Mrs. June Drew
Merthyr Tydfil
Glamorgan, South Wales
Great Britain

I have the desire to let you know how I depend on the lovely *Magazine* for comfort and help in my life. My children have enjoyed it as I have enjoyed it. I am thankful to my mother for making it available to me when I was young, cultivating my taste in reading material. Today I ran across the poem "To Aunt Cetty's Old Blue Bowl," by Matia McClelland Burk, in the September issue. I know it must be dedicated to my Aunt Cetty's possession. Her name was Alcesta Burk, and I notice this author's name is Matia McClelland Burk. Thank you for helping to make this world smaller, drawing us closer together.

—Clara Perry
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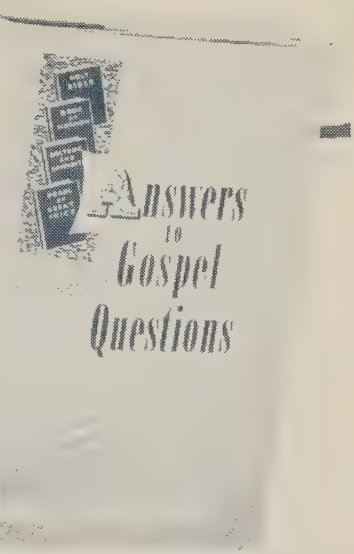

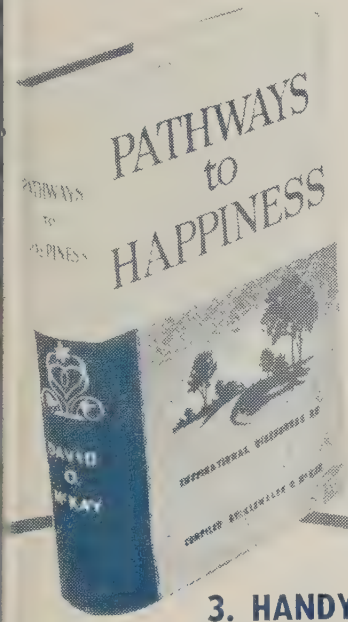

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